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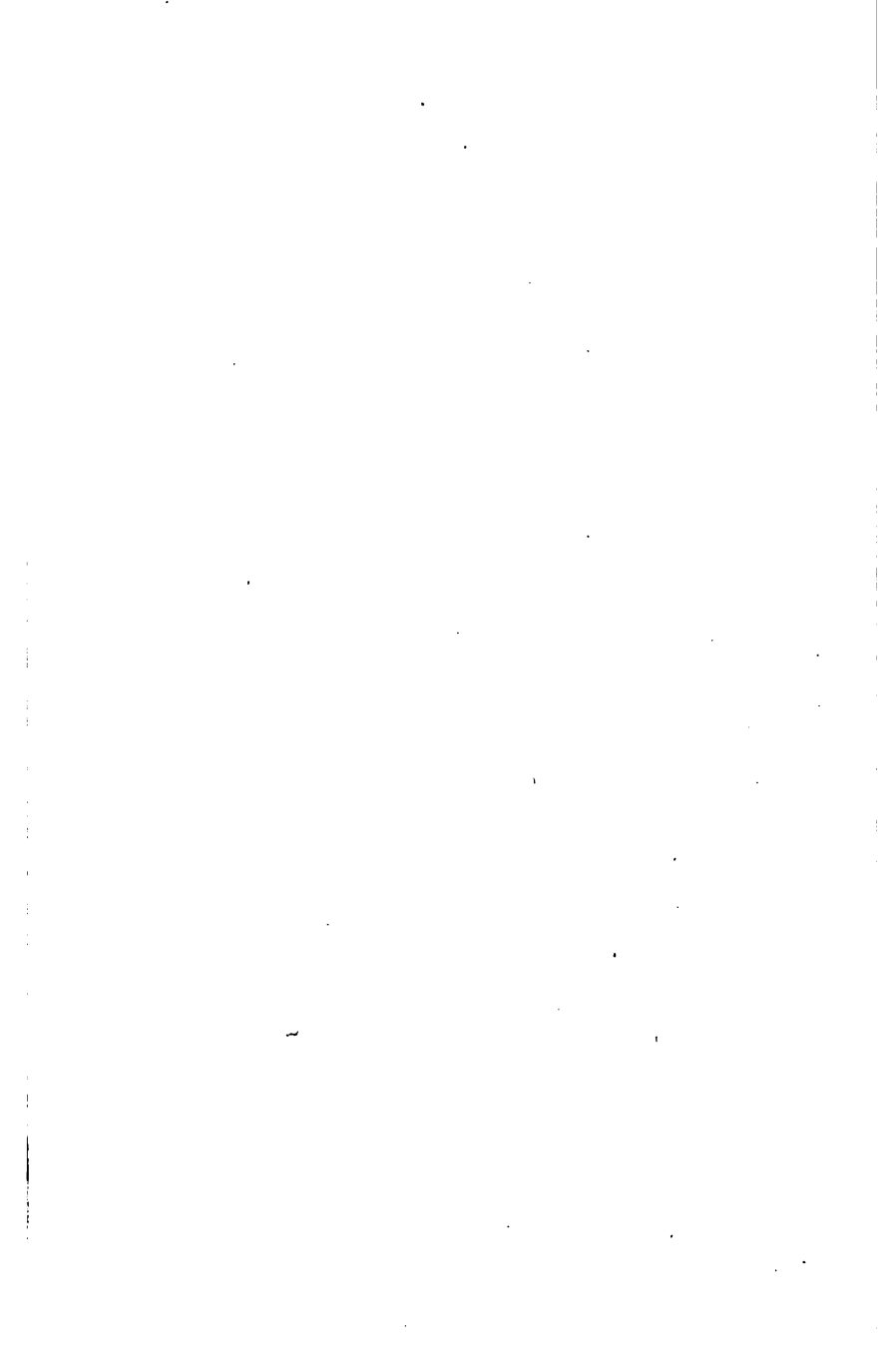
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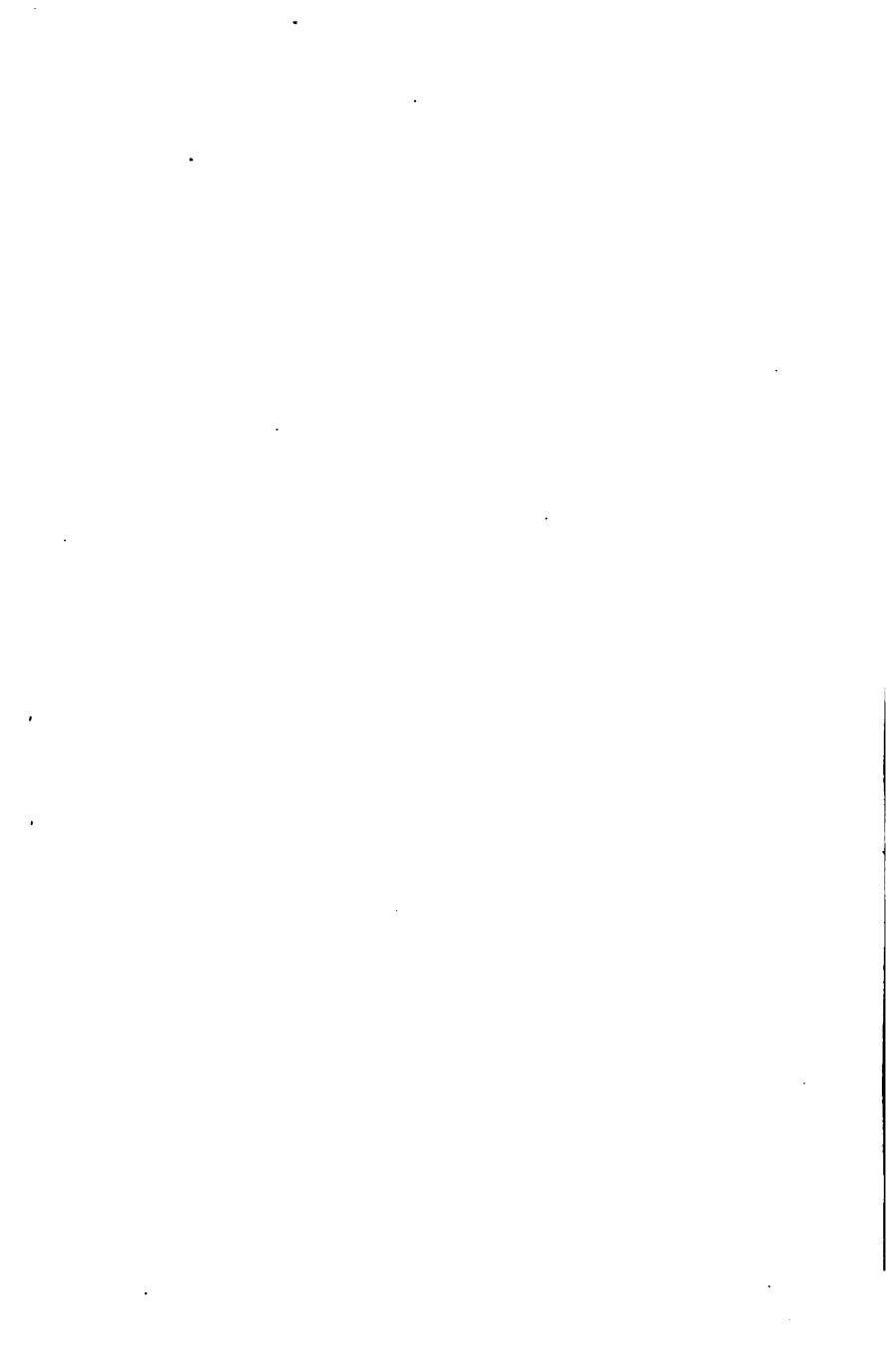
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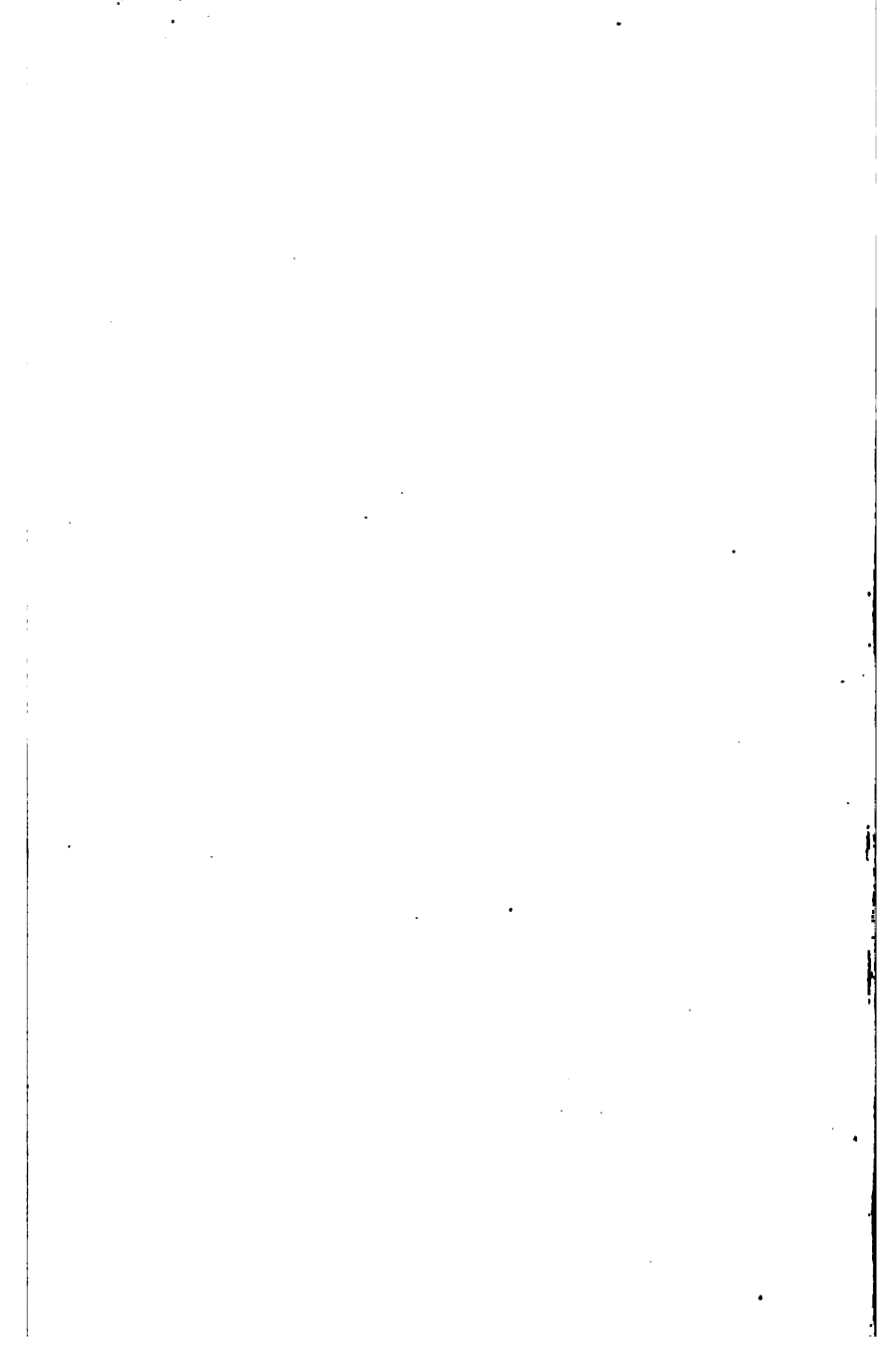
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Class of 1828

FOR ENGLISH LITERATURE









SONGS & POEMS

T. H. T. CASSELL

DAVID NUTT
AT THE SIGN OF THE PHOENIX
LONG ACRE - LONDON
MDCCCXVII

PUBLISHED IN THE SAME FORMAT

LYRICS

BY GERALD GOULD

Crown 8vo (1906) H. K. 18. Second Edition.

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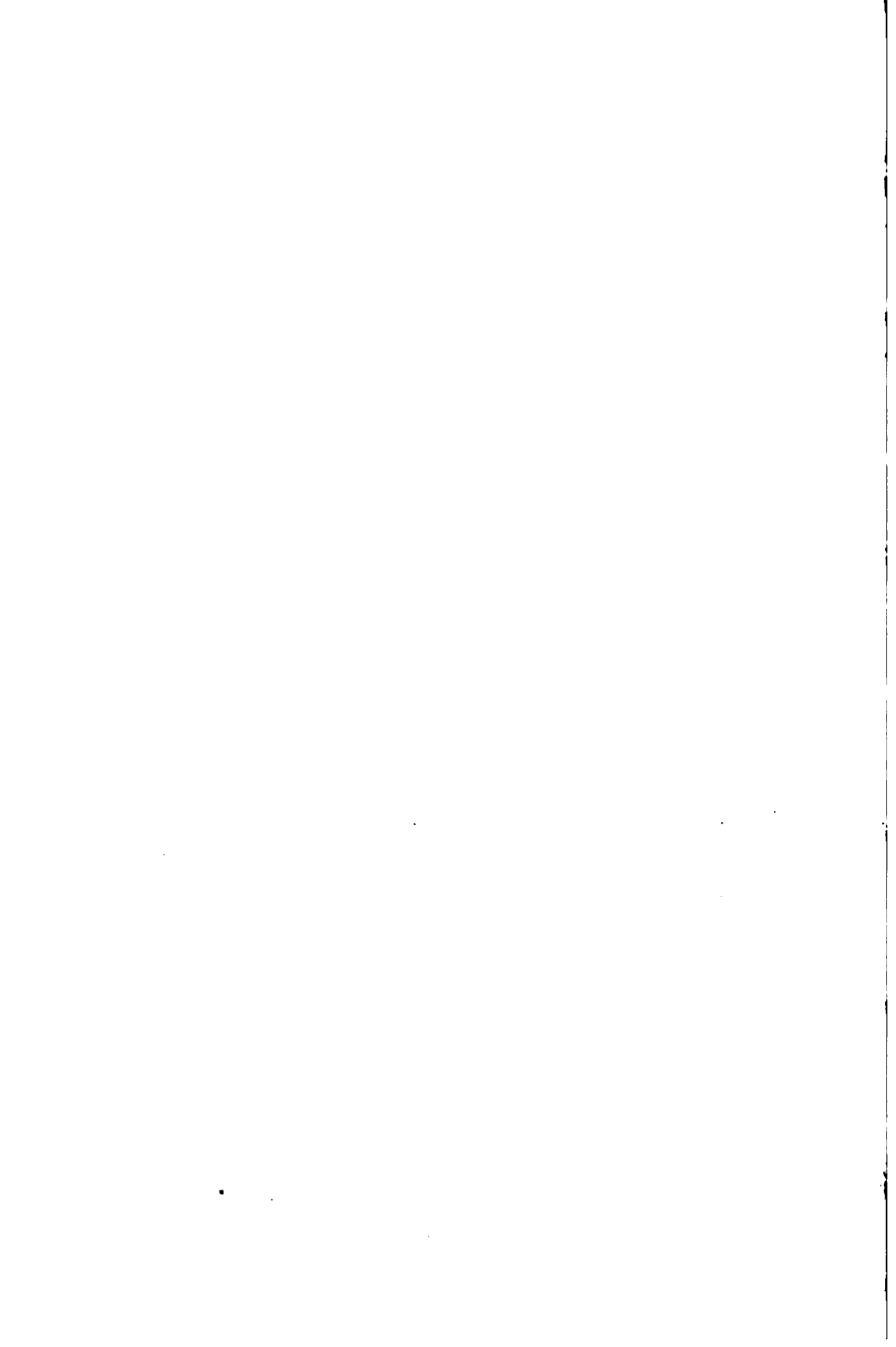
The Irishman.—"A book of rare promise. Mr. Gould has undoubtedly the poetic temperament, and in almost all the poems in this slender volume the true lyric note is struck. There is a spontaneity, a freedom from self-consciousness about such poems as 'Wanderer', 'The Bartle-Like', and 'The Sea-Captain', that is missing about many of our minor poets. The style is sane, healthy, and poetic. And the outlook on life, even the loathly spectre of a summer sky, the sea with its ships and strange surges. The spirit of the vegetation

around the land the water, beyond the West the sea,
and man and woman, and the children, and the old and the new,
it shows in the landscape, that, in fact, the world is one,
the day, the night, and the stars, and the sun, and the moon, and the stars.

The Spectator.—"There is a young writer, Mr. Gould, who shows a mastery of his art and a maturity of thought which are little short of marvellous. From a writer to have his great things so pure and free it is marvellous."

"The First Edition, around the sea, the water of the world, was sold out in a few weeks, and the second edition is eagerly anticipated."

SONGS AND POEMS



SONGS AND POEMS

BY

T. H. T. CASE

PUBLISHED BY DAVID NUTT
AT THE SIGN OF THE PHOENIX LONG ACRE

1907

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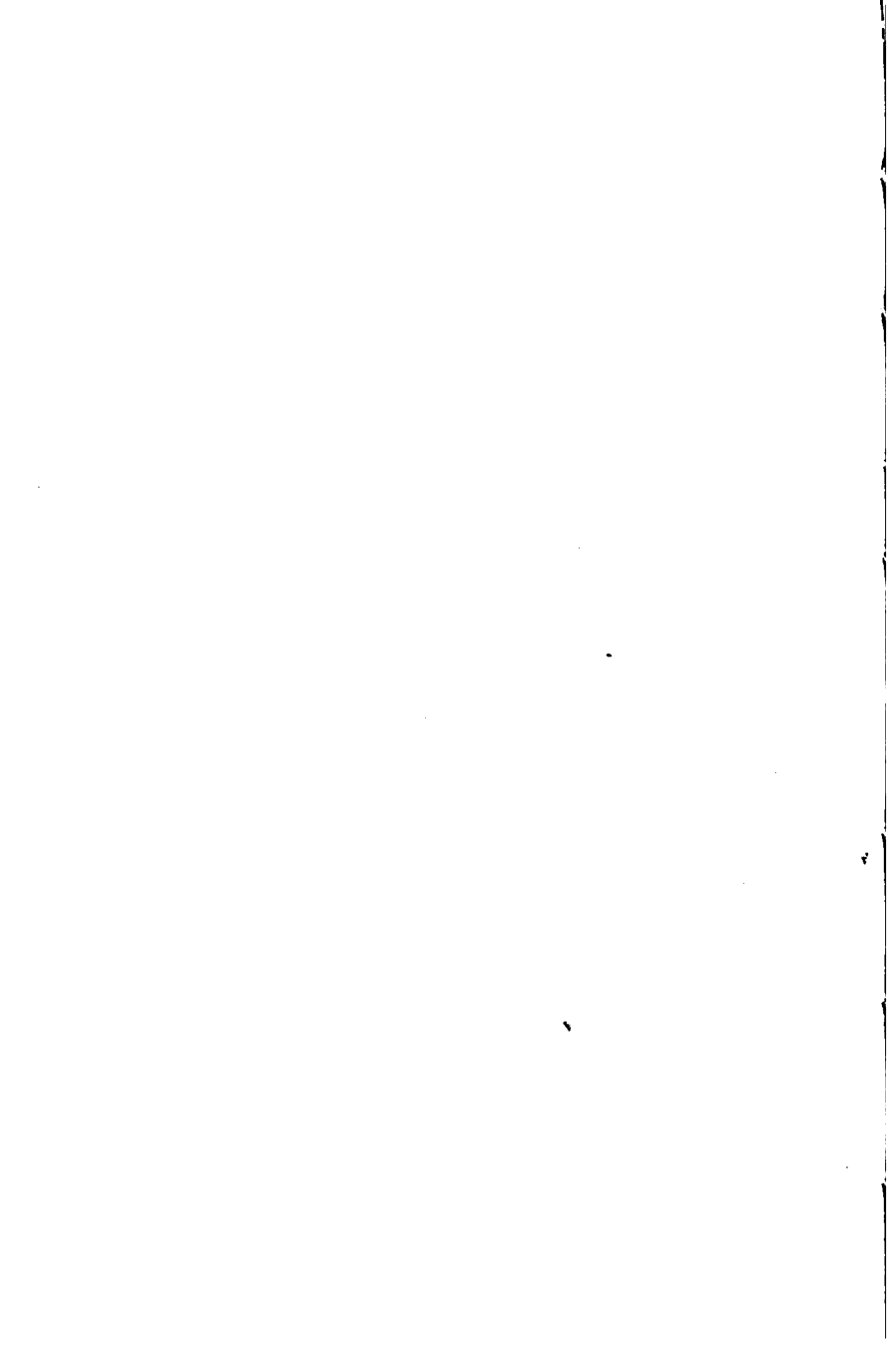
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reprint certain of these pieces.*



CONTENTS

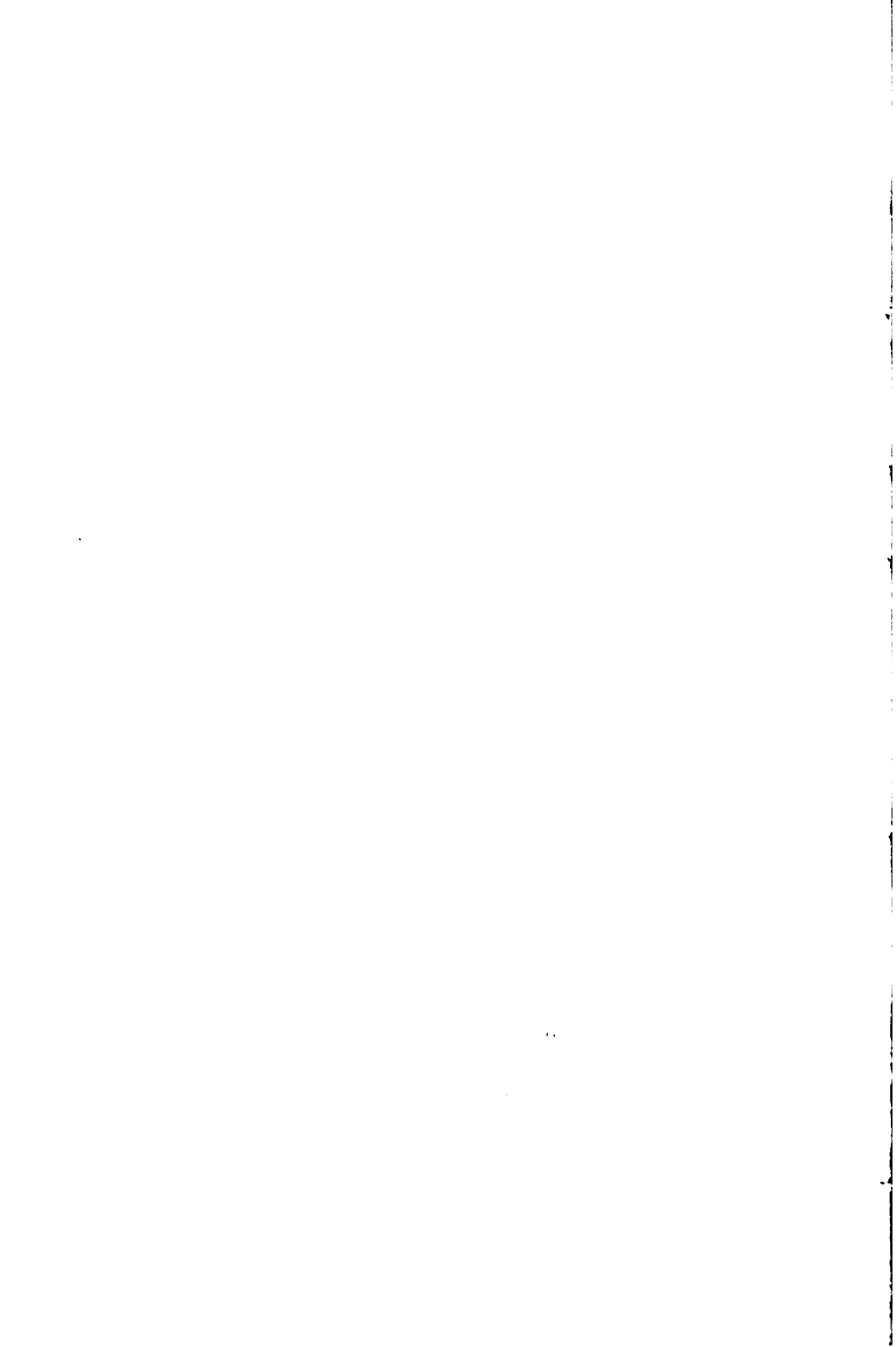
	PAGE
LA JEUNESSE	1
GLAVEN BANKS	2
BLAKENEY IN NORFOLK	3
EN AVANT	5
NESCIO DOMINE!	6
DEATH RIDES IN DARKNESS	7
TRIFLES	10
TÉMÉRAIRE	12
VALE	14
SHELLEY	15
ENOUGH	21
PROGRESS	22
LAST MORN	23
SONG	23
FOR NORFOLK	24
CAMOENS	28
VIGNETTE	34

	PAGE
THE FACE OF DREAMS	35
LABITUR VITA	36
THE NOVICE	38
SOUTH AFRICA	40
PAX BRITANNICA	42
DIRGE FROM "LAUGHTER"	44
EGO	46
THE STREAMLET	47
TO NORA	48
BLAKENEY CHURCH	49
THE DECADENT	51
PITY	53
FOR MUSIC	56
STEWKEY LEA	57
HARVEST SONG	59
THI ΠΑΤΡΙΔΙ	61
FIVE NORFOLK SONGS	63
THE HOUSE OF EARNE	69
ANNE BOLEYN	72
HARVEST	74
CHERWELL VOLUNTARY	75
FAERY SONG	77
AITIA 'EAOMENOY	79

CONTENTS

xi

	PAGE
SYLVIA	80
IN MEMORIAM—F.C.	81
EN KAKHI BOTANHI	83
FRAGE	85
EVENING SONG	86
HOLKHAM SANDS	88
ENVOY	105



LA JEUNESSE

SILENCE—and all the trees
Bending across the stream ;
Was the song of a moment since
But a dream ?

Not a breath in the empty blue,
Not a single note of a bird.
Where is the pulsing cry
That I heard ?

The bold heart-note of a boy
That over the waters rang.
Where is the flash of joy
That I sang ?

Only a silence now,
For the singer's youth is fled,
And the shadows are sad with the song
That is dead.

GLAVEN BANKS

By Glaven banks in summer time the red red roses
blow,
And glad afar o'er Blakeney bar the surges leap and
flow—
And tho' the tide must slacken soon, the roses all be
dead,
Yet the waves flood gladly upwards and the roses
blossom red.

For all things joy in living, tho' none may live for
long.
Just ask of all the sailormen who fill the seas with song :
They're singing as they sail away, and sailing home
they sing.
For tho' they come or tho' they go, the sailing is the
thing.

By Glaven banks in summer time the roses blossom
gay,
And glad afar o'er Blakeney bar the tide flows up
the bay.
And tho' the tide must ebb ere long, and soon the
roses go,
The rose is blithe to blossom and the waves are glad
to flow.

BLAKENEY IN NORFOLK

AND the long glory of the setting sun
Has lit to fire and purple all the sea,
And mightily the embattled cloud-banks loom
To quench the sky's great light incarnadined ;
And the far curlew cries across the marsh,
Ceases, and all is silence, save where still
Behind the point the sea's voice thunders on.

Was there a storm last night, and is the song
The sea's song of his triumph and his slain ?
Or was it calm with such a calm as blest
The sinless ones in Eden ? Is the song
One love-breath for the ears of evening ?

That sound of wave to wave-beat answering,
Itself so answered, till along the strand
Throbs one eternal choir antiphonal—
And the whole voice of ocean sonorous
Calling the land's voice, till afar it rise
From whispering corn-fields and the woodlands
stirred :

These are the greater voices of the world,
Here all life's little voices fade and cease.

Look ! eastward, yonder how the waters foam
White o'er a beach, and ghastly white they stare,
Till the eyes see nor sea nor sky—alone
The distance grows a glory. Charioted
Rides forth th' untrammelled splendour of the moon,
And all the sea is silver for her feet,
And all night's children rise upon the land
To swell her Syrian pageant—silent woods
And stately tower and little sea-blown town.

This is a world worthy God's gaze. The dead,
See they not such a world—each city's glare
Lost in the moon's sweet splendour, every stain
Become a shadow, questioning, beautiful?

.

Still the sea's voice comes thundering, but the
night

Has fled—not yet is day, but night is fled.
There are no prisoning pinions o'er me now,
No visible feet of darkness on the sea ;
And lo ! new lights are waking. Far away
A wave-top tells of sunrise—golden shafts
Of laughter wake to gladness all the sea ;
Wave laughs to wave, till waves are lost in fire,
And o'er a golden glory treads the sun.

EN AVANT

THE sea through the branches seen,
A glimpse of the sun
Nestling amid the green :
" March on."

A shimmer of light on a stream,
Like a love-glance won
From the eyes of the dead in a dream :
" March on."

NESCIO DOMINE !

For judgments passed on the unknown, for all
The spirits guessed at and condemned, who wail
Round us amid the midnight of the gale,
Eternally shut out from festival
Of friendship in our hearts—hell's votaries
We thought them, and Thou only, Lord! mayest know
What marvellous love is hungering in their eyes
For us—O Lord, forgive us even so !

Forgive ! too few the hands our hands may grasp,
Too small the world, tho' all the world was friend,
To satiate love ! And we have loosed the grasp
That time and tears had joined us in, and tread
Each his own pathway, as amid the dead,
Friendless and unforgiving to the end.

DEATH RIDES IN DARKNESS

HIGH rides the moon, but all the stars are hidden,
Guessed violets nestling'neath the black-banked storm.
Wild roars the wind and all the stars are hidden
And many a form
Of devil hastening hellwards through the storm
Sunders the gloom wherewith the stars are hidden ;
And clear-seen suddenly, a giant form
Stands black against the moon,
Most imminent against the lucent moon ;
Till as the stars, the holy stars, are hidden,
He hides himself unholy in the storm,
The star-enfolding storm.

Hark to the groan of heaven, charger-ridden,
The foot-tramp of the horses of the night
Treading the gloom wherewith the stars are hidden,
Drawing the clanging chariots of the night.
Hark to the thunder of the roads of heaven,

The clanging of the chariots of the night.
See how mad meteor flash and thunder levin
Cleave through the shuddering night,
The shrieking, shuddering night.
Whose are they, meteor flash and thunder levin,
Whose might flung forth divides the shuddering
night?

Hark the near breath of horses hardly driven,
Hark to the flame-breathed horses of the night !
Lo ! all heaven's echoes throng the nearest heaven
After those flame-breathed horses of the night.
The pageant of the echoes of the heaven
Follows those thunderous horses of the night.
Whose is the hand by which those steeds are driven ?
Who rides so furious through startled night ?

Lo ! Death, high charioted, speeds through the
heaven,
Stark in his chariot black against the moon ;
Stars in his hand that never shone in heaven,
And his fair crown all silver in the moon—
His crown of mothers' tears—
And round his throat love's withered roses, riven
From nerveless hands—mocked by the queenly
moon.

So panoplied Death traverses the heaven,
While silver-seen, soft-silvered in the moon,
Glitters his crown of tears, of mothers' tears.

DEATH RIDES IN DARKNESS

9

Behind, long silence, where the stars are hidden,
And far behind a strangled voice of woe :
Earth weeping for the children from her riven,
The strangled voice of earth's eternal woe.

TRIFLES

I

I GAVE you a laughing kiss, dear,
You gave me a faded rose—
Gifts which neither will miss, dear,
Gifts of which nobody knows.

Yet surely the gods were jesting
When they gave us our dower, us three—
To you and my love, red lips, dear,
Red lips ; and remembrance to me.

And when she shall see me, that other,
How will she greet me ? Who knows ?
The jest of the gods is plain, dear :
With a kiss—a kiss and a rose.

II

I sailed no paper ships upon the sea,
I sent no faëry fancies forth ;
No white-sailed fleet of dreams comes back to me :
Come but the crested breakers, angrily
On-driven by the North.

TRIFLES

II

III

Sweet, tho' indedicate shall go
The little twist of song I wove you.
I know your name,—you know I love you—
What if the world shall never know.

IV

The mock of the mirth that maddens,
The moan of the sin that sighs,
Is a message that cheers not nor gladdens :
“Life is a song that saddens,
Love is a dream that dies.”

V

Sweet, a star gleams upon the windless sea
For each above :
Shall not love's light imperious in me
Wake thee to love ?

TÉMÉRAIRE

FROM the white cliffs, sullen-frowning,
Foe-ward sailed the Téméraire—

Stately, fair,

Rode she with the sunrise crowning
Every sail and spar of her,
And her decks were thronged and ringing
With the shouting and the singing

Of her men—

Stout young hearts their first-fruits bringing
To their England, land most dear ;
All their flower and fragrance flinging
At her scarred feet, queenly, fair.
Far and wide around her spread
Fleets whose number none might reckon :
Many a craft of Van der Decken,
Manned by England's mighty dead,
Drake and Blake and Nelson there ;
And they seemed to guard and guide her,
As half-seen they sailed beside her
On to victory, Téméraire !

From the white cliffs, sullen-frowning,
Foe-ward sails the Téméraire,

Lurid glare

Of the blood-red sunset crowning

Every sail and spar of her.

But no sound of shout or singing

Sets thine echoing decks a-ringing,

Téméraire, Téméraire !

Here a curse and there a prayer,

All that mans thee, Téméraire ;

And no ghost-fleet sails beside thee

Nor may guide thee, Téméraire.

Only voiceless ghosts flit round thee,

Ghosts whose last sad shriek disowned thee—

Hark ! it lingers on the air—

“ Téméraire ! Téméraire ! ”

And thou glidest into distance, dimly into distance,
where

Sit Defeat and Death, gigantic,

On the night of the Atlantic,

Waiting for thee—Téméraire.

VALE

For all the thousand thoughts that were not thine,
Hours when the world's voice conquered, and the wine
Was red, and lips were luring—eyes ablaze ;
For all the devil-shapes that gibe, and greet
Our love in love's own shadowy haunted ways—
 Forgive me, sweet.

For all that was so fair, and now is not—
Songs that were mine for singing, songs forgot ;
Wreaths that were mine for twining, wreaths un-
 twined ;
Flowers that had been a rose-bridge for thy feet ;
For all good things God-given, flung to the wind—
 Forgive me, sweet.

SHELLEY

THE sunbeams tripped across the laughing sea,
Danced thy bark lightly o'er the dancing foam,
Toward the blue distance where awaited thee
The lengthening vistas of Eternity,
The long last voyage home.

And all the wind was incense round thy brow,
And all the sea was music in thine ear,
For love bade soft thy life's last breezes blow,
And smooth and bright thy life's last wavelets flow
Around thee sleeping there.

And from the radiant sky lines of thy soul,
Where dreams and memories mingle into glow
Of childhood's lingering sunset ; golden roll
The glad waves there, and daylight's aureole
Rings all the evening's brow——

There rose a mist of shadow, subtly wrought
Into some star-embroidered web of dreams,

Where tyrants overstrode and Titans fought,
And dazzled many an echoed sunbeam caught
From heaven's gold-rippling streams.

There danced the night winds daintily along
The barred and shadowed woodlands; with their
flight
They thrilled the leafage into murmurous song,
For festival of faëry shapes who throng
The woodland ways by night.

There roses blossomed till the ambient air
Was Spring, slow Autumned as their petals fell;
There poppies crowned the cornfields; violets there
Breathed all the odorous wind-lips into prayer
In mossy verdured dell.

'Cross wind-ruffed meres tripped barks fantastical
To what strange woodlands sloping to the foam,
With wave-splash and with tree-song musical,
Where sunless vistas led to carnival
In Mab's melodious home.

There wildly strode incarnate solitude
Down gloomy-barriered valleys of despair,
And lonely watched the lonely mountains brood,
Shrouded in mists that knew no interlude
Of sunnier, kindlier air.

There all men's prayer met all God's graciousness,
There lover's lips met lover's lips. And died
All lovely dreams in undreamed loveliness,
All holy hopes unhopèd-for holiness
Saw and were satisfied.

* * * * *

All the long morn the sea-flakes fell behind,
All the long morn, wingéd across the sea,
Came devil shapes, stinging each sottish mind,
Till all thy crew—God! are they blind?—ay, blind?
Creeps near to murder thee.

Far otherwise upon the billowing lake
Of far-off Galilee while foamed the deep
And the winds clashed: untroubled for their sake
The Prophet slept, and bade His tired limbs take
Their fill of healing sleep.

For they who roused Him came in reverent dread,
Trusting all winds were vassal to His will,
And prayed Him save, Who raised His holy head
And gazed o'er all the tumult widely spread,
And bade the winds be still.

And the winds sank and all the waves were calm,
And suddenly, behold! th' unhopèd-for strand;
For they had trusted to no mortal arm.
Christ's self had brought them, scatheless of all harm,
Unto the farther land.

But they who creep upon thee creep to slay,
And Heaven is silence, and no thunders boom
Between them and their victim. Far away
The gods forget all but thy well-loved lay,
And the cruel steel stabs home.

Lo ! all the splendours of eternity
That thou hadst clothed in all Time has of grace,
All the cloud-pictures that thy soul could see
Glow on the mind's horizon mistily,
Grew to one glorious face.

Fraught with all memories were those vistaed eyes,
All lights were radiant in that poppied hair,
Such golden-glamoured hair as glorious lies
Rich with the hoards of love's long avarice ;
Round Dante dreaming there.

And she bends o'er thee, lays her lips on thine :
As the Spring's face bends o'er the April deep,
Waking to life the storm-slain hyaline,
Those lips of all desire meet with thine
In one long kiss of sleep.

Ay, sleep, that o'er thee death's calm beauty shed.
Dead wert thou, Shelley. Can his people slay
Their prophet, when God's roses ring his head ?
Can the world bid God's own anointed tread
The thorny hopeless way ?

What matters? Long the sea-waves had foreknown
How at the last thy bed should be their breast;
And all the sun-gold linked they with their own
Into a bier like some sea-Cæsar's throne,
Whereon thy limbs should rest.

What waited thee behind death's pictured veil,
What seas of slumber, where soft viols sigh,
Boats that have sunbeam-couch and mists for sail,
What sough of wind-breath or what shout of gale
Told thee what 'twas to die?

What smooth steps, glistening to the laughing deep
That ran to meet them gladly, welcomed thee,
Thronged with what flame-wing'd faëry forms who keep
The precincts of that palace hall of sleep
For all who sleep to see?

What mother shape of silence graciously
Greeted the sons of sound who from her sprung;
What royal corridors revealed to thee
The timeless ones, thy brethren timelessly,
The loves unseen yet sung?

Sweet soul, a thousand blessings crowned thy brow
Like thousand roses, and thine home-coming
Was of the Heir to whom His angels bow
And for Him sing their reverent songs more low—
And shall our poor lips sing?

Thee the sea sings in all her sobbing strains,
As she sings all things beautiful and young.
Each night-slain sunset hue, each rose that rains
Her glorious petals till no flash remains
Of all the fire she flung.

Thee the stars sing that whirl along the night,
Thee all the music of the moving year ;
And the clouds stay the chariots of their flight
To sing thee, and each vagrant ambient light,
So beautiful, so dear.

Their dirge we hear who follow by the streams
That were thy haunts into the Asian dell
Where gathered all God's slanting sunlight beams
And rustled all the footfalls of thy dreams
As vocal waters fell.

Sometimes in meadowlands of fancy bloom
Gold flowers thy footstep quickened, tinkle streams
Thy songs give meaning to. And dimly loom
The distant hill-tops, that are Poesy's home,
High citadels of dreams.

Aye—let us leave thee. Lo ! 'tis surely well
If for a while some melody divine,
Some fancy-cheating sound of faëry bell
Through all the forests of our dreamland swell
From those pure tones of thine.

ENOUGH

I HAVE sung the songs of the joy of life,
Waking the echoes amid the graves
Where only the wind of the desert raves
Over the sand in profitless strife,
And solemn the lonely poplar waves.

And the echoes have cleft as a muttered curse
Into the marrow and heart of me,
And the music of life is turned from glee
To the padding of feet that follow a hearse
By the marge of a haunted sea.

Let the dead lie on—they may rise not now ;
Let the wind make mock of my shout's wild ring,
As th' echoing halls mock words of a king.
I live, I conquer, I cannot bow ;
 I sing, I sing !

PROGRESS

TALK not of progress—'tis a cure too slow
For the world's disease—too present is the pain
We need some god to make us whole again,
And touch our pale old cheeks to glad young glow.
Time's but a vain physician bending low
O'er crucibles wherein the years are ground—
Vain, when the draught is perfect 'twill be found
The patient died a thousand years ago.

We are but waves of a vast unquiet sea.
Wave after wave, tide after tide, we strain
To whelm the mountainous cliffs of misery,
To sweep away the engulfing sands of wrong.
God knows what ground a thousand floods may gain,
We only know that each flood ebbs ere long.

LAST MORN

LAST morn mists veiled the land across the sea,
Writ on with all the poetry of the sun.
To-day a sullen cliff stares cold at me.

Last morn I sang you songs, and lo ! I won
Into the farthest halls of God. To-day
Songless the future spreads, as yonder shore,
Whose mist of veiling beauty seemed so fair,
Cheerless, stripped bare of beauty, looms away.
Oh smiling mists of hope that hid despair
Close down, close down once more.

SONG

Spring flowers bloom again in Summer,
June is bright when May is o'er ;
Summer's come again with Autumn,
Brighter, fairer than before ;
Autumn's flowers are fairest, sweetest—
Autumn's flowers come never more.

FOR NORFOLK

Out of the marshes stretching drearily
In shade or shine by the Northern foam,
The voice of the sons who love her dearly
Rises and speaks for the land their home.
“What do you know of us, ye that are scorning?
We are kin to the cold grey sea;
First-born sons of the English morning,
Held we our hearts for your eyes to see?

“Have ye talked with the stern-eyed dead who slumber
By silent churches on cliff and hill?
Have ye news of the ghosts, without name or number,
Who wander abroad when the fields are still?
What do ye know of the strife they strove in?
What do ye know of the fray we fight?
A smaller, shallower world ye move in—
With the sea and the sky we have matched our might.

“Have we no blossoms amid our meadows,
Blossoms as fair as the world can show?
Have we no fairies to haunt the shadows
When the sun is set and the wind sinks low?

Stand they not pillar'd and tall before us,
Gates of fairyland, gates of dream ?
May we not hark to the sea-kings' chorus
From many a camp by a sea-ward stream ?

"Many we have of God's garden closes,
Heaths made heaven with heather and broom,
Ruined walls a tangle of roses,
Fields afire with poppy-bloom.
Well we know the manifold glories,
Scattered over the paths we tread ;
Still have we ears for the strange old stories,
Not for us are the old gods dead.

"Only we know, at the price of sorrow,
The will of Heaven is hard to find.
Only we know that with each to-morrow
Hopes of to-day are flung to the wind.
Only we know that life is weary,
And the ways of the world are mostly wrong ;
To-day and to-morrow alike are dreary—
How have we heart for a snatch of song ?

"We have hidden our hearts from the sight of Heaven,
Hidden our hearts and our hopes away ;
Often enough have we toiled and striven,
Only for Heaven to smite and slay.

Sown and waited the day of reaping
Thro' sunless morns and thro' soaking eves ;
Till we saw the blight and mildew creeping
O'er the ears a-sprout in the rotting sheaves.

" We give the years to the land in payment
For bread to keep us, a roof from the rain ;
'Tis hard to find for our bodies raiment—
How shall our souls have nurture, then ?
Aye, and if for the years of striving
Life shall fling to us death to pay,
Yet have we cause for a scant thanks-giving—
The gate of life lies the workhouse way.

" Aye, and if some of us say ' What matters ?
Beasts ye have made of us—beasts we will be ' ;
Blame not them, but the fate that scatters
Buds unblossomed from off the tree.
Manhood lost in profitless labour,
Promise and power frittered away.
Ye that judge and condemn your neighbour,
Were it not better to pity or pray ?

" Yet if some of us shrink and care not,
Many there be who are worthy to stand,
Giants and crowned with a crown they share not,
Amid the greatest of any land—

Davids called from the folds and cattle,
Kings and prophets of chapel and field,
Standing firm in the great lost battle,
How in life shall they waver or yield ?

“ Norfolk, forth from thy sandy beaches,
Forth from the desolate hills behind,
From grassy meadows and placid reaches
Of streams that over thy marshes wind,
From cliffs where churches fling the sunset
Back from their windows out to sea,
Or bowed trees moan in the winds' mad onset,
Come, for we tender our vows to thee—

“ Aye, strong soul, while the tide still hisses
Sullen and strong as thy channels fill,
Face kissed fair by the sea-winds' kisses,
Clear, brave eyes, we will love you still,
Still, sweet child of the sounding ocean,
Still we will bring to thee service and song ;
Crowned with the crown of thy sons' devotion,
Loving and chiding and making strong.”

CAMOENS

CANST dream awhile? Then, dreaming, come with
me

Where Roca fronts th' Atlantic sullenly.
Dream that around us there the westering sun
Coins into countless sun-gold all the sea.

Seest not the *Pride of Lisbon* yonder? Lo!
Strange are her sails, like sails of long ago.
Hark to the voice that o'er the water wails,
Sad as the widowed voice of Sirmio.

“Land of mine heart! Oh, ocean's blood-red rose!
O'er whom the sunset's mirrored glory grows
Like the bright halo of an angel's hair,
Whose hand around thee night's rich vesture throws.

“Fair rose! and now no more my heart may dwell
Safe sheltered in thy sweetest honey-cell.
Lost is life's garden to me; at the door
Stands the King's doom for sleepless sentinel.

“ Behind—the fields the simoon hath laid waste,
The writing by the earthquake's hand erased ;
The brimming cup all lips but mine may drain,
Th' abandoned glass no lips but mine may taste.

“ Before—the day's death to its dawning turned,
The sun from sunset into sunrise burned ;
For nought of sun nor life is left to me
Save that in Death's eyes or the dark's discerned.

“ And of that dark I'll make a lovelier light,
And in life's language Death's name I will write,
Till every letter is another life ;
In other words, mine by my mind's great might.

“ Too much of wine and love, too much of song,
Was mine, whom Kedar's tents have kept too long.
Those other worlds were mine, and still I stayed ;
And lo ! where God was powerless, Man is strong.

* * * * *

“ I'd thought, when Death was beckoning, to embark
Alone, and sail the sun-gold to the mark
Of sunset on the ocean—that we twain,
The sun and I, together might grow dark.

“ And lo ! the sun is gone—and I remain,
And soon the East shall light her fires again
Upon the altars of the new-born day.
Shall aught mark out that day from all the train ?

" Would it—I wonder—have been thus if I
Had sailed into the dying sun to die ?
Is Death's change of the midnight ? Shall the dawn
See life again hung splendidly on high ?

" Do all our dream walls stand upon the air ?
And are our cloud-built temples really there ?
Or are they dreams that with this life must end—
Their only use to make this life more fair ?

" Who knows ? Yet dreams are fair and God is high,
And men may see Him ruling mightily,
And be the better for the sight of Him,
Though dreams and good and God be all a lie.

* * * * *

" Ye stars that scattered o'er night's purple fall !
Henceforth your eyes oblivious must be all
That stands for far-off Portugal to me,
And all that stands for me to Portugal.

" How much of Portugal, I wonder, loves
My songs or me ; how many a heart-pulse moves
More sorrowful, now songs and singer go,
And my voice stirs not through the olive groves—

" Still sigh the plane-trees to the Tagus' sigh,
Still all the upland carols merrily
With bird-song and with wind-breath—nought is gone
Of all the fields' glad music—only I.

“How have I sung and shouted—yet the cold,
Dumb silence, whose embrace must all enfold,
Has folded all my songs and shouts; and me,
Waits there not me the cere-cloth and the mould?

“Ay! For I go, and as a star I fade;
But thou, my country, by no dawn dismayed,
Reign on, of midnight and of noon-day queen,
Scornful and well-beloved and unafraid!

* * * * *

“Last night I dreamed my country gave me shame
For only recompense, but towards me came
A fairer form—a queenlier shape—and I
Woke to the world's love and a world-wide fame.

“Yet ask I only Portugal's fair hand
To smooth my brow—mine own all-gracious land
To cast my bonds and her reproach away,
Forgive, and hear my songs, and understand.

“What care I for th' applause of lips unborn?
Shall all the future's harvests raise the corn
This tempest has down-trodden? Shall the praise
Of all to-morrows pay for this day's scorn?

* * * * *

“Yet I, so scorned, may scorn to scorn again,
Though world and Portugal alike disdain
My songs and me; loss leaves love this one power
To love unchanging, though the love be vain.

" To sing my country, not her cruelty,
To sing the world, and not its scorn of me—
The good world God created, and its queen,
My Portugal—ah, this my task shall be.

" So will I sing, and all the world shall know
How Portugal, with all the world for foe,
Voyaged and conquered and waxed great—but not
How me she banished to far Macao.

" And glorious shall her crested hosts' array
Charge through the turbaned ranks of Mauria
For Christ and chivalry, and fling at once
Her noblest lives and Mauria's yoke away.

" And all her bold adventurous company
Shall lift the veil the sky draws round the sea,
Sowing the waters with their lives. And oh!
The seed so sown—what shall the harvest be?

" Gold and an Empire? lost again ere long—
Doomed pride? whose sole memorial shall be song.
Is this the ransom of your lives, ye brave,
To be mere names awhile, and nothing long?

' Yet though the future darkness round us shed,
And our sons bleed where once our fathers bled,
And bleed defeated—still the world shall know
Our dead were brave, though all our brave be dead.

* * * * *

“For Man may choose, and Man must serve, and
these

Are all Fate's gifts or God's, not ours is ease ;
Ours but to serve, to sing, and wait the end—
The end that all men trust and no man sees.

“My country ! give me love's great might to bring
My worthiest songs to thy fair feet, to fling
This last vow on the night that shrouds thy shores :
Heard or unheard—while life remains I sing !”

The ship is gone, and sunset, and the sight
Breaks baffled on the visible walls of night ;
Only above where still the stars gaze down
On us that gazed on Camoens there is light.

Till the night dies and all her stars are dead,
And our dreams, shivering, from the dawn are fled,
And round us moan the armies of the sea,
White-tented o'er the waste—uncalmed, unled.

VIGNETTE

THE gale may sleep within the petalled rose
That sunset brings to burn 'mid twilight's hair ;
The lips that breathe the day's last kiss are those
Whose threats fling foeward all th' embattled air.
So on the star-lit waters of thy peace
Sleeps the hushed hurricane of love's despair.

The rose may shed her petals, till the wind
Leaps forth caparisoned ; the night-breaths grow
From kiss to thunder fury, till behind
Their way-faring the ruined elms are low.
And if thy splendid star-eyed depths be stirred,
Shall thy soul's insurgence be even so ?

THE FACE OF DREAMS

BESIDE me, love, a living shape of dreams,
Born of long-tarrying, fingers of the night
Crown with their mystic touch the hair that streams
Around thy brow in rolling waves of light.

Beside me, love, thine image ; and desire
A star upon a blue and boundless sky,
Fair seen, yet far away, no cruel fire—
A world not ours hung luminous on high.

Beside me, love, the hopes and fears that crowned thee
Gathered into thy wraith, eastward the day
Breaks slowly, showing all the world around thee
Thy dower and my kingdom. Far away
Into the distance gloom they, seas and lands,
Thy shrine, nor they nor thou things made with
hands.

LABITUR VITA

IN the lonesome hour that's blackest,
Darkest ere the day be born,
When the tides of life run slackest
From the floodgates of the morn.
In the hour of night that's blackest
Roamed I, weary and forlorn,
Through the drear and columned cloister
Where the ghosts flit to and fro.
Ah, alas ! how few may know,
Know that grim and columned cloister
Where the mildewed lichens grow,
Barred and stifling columned cloister
Round the graves of long ago—

Where the soul needs no respiring
As she listens long to hear
If the dead will speak, desiring
All that soothes no mortal ear ;
Where all life needs no respiring,
Swooning down till Death is near.

Strives to win from Death his secret,
 Seeks the silent land below
 Where the Voice speaks dread and low,
 Tells the dead Death's clamped secret
 That the living long to know—
 All the buried nameless secret
 Of the graves of long ago.

Then night grew to shape around me,
 Throned amid the columned gloom ;
 Silent, pitiless, she crowned me
 With the iron crown of doom.
 And from vague wind-whispers round me
 Rose Death's voice and bade me come ;
 And I heard the red blood dripping,
 Slow, unceasing, dripping down,
 And the red blood was mine own—
 Downward till my veins were bloodless,
 With the moments dripping down ;
 Downward with the moments dripping,
 And the red blood was mine own.

THE NOVICE

ONCE you called my heart to love you
As I trod the widening way ;
In my soul were gloom and darkness
Though around me gleamed the day.

And you called me from desire,
From the dreams that fade and fail,
To the Love that lives triumphant
High in Heaven beyond the veil.

He, the God that reigns in dreamlands
Reigns and loves, afar, alone—
His the cross to which you called me,
His the way where you had gone.

Stronger grows your voice, but stronger,
Clearer grows the conquering cry :
“ Come, ye labourers, to the harvest,
For the gathering time is nigh ! ”

And with your sweet dreams around me,
And your face within my heart,
And my hopes that know no flower-time,
He is bidding me depart.

Love unkissed, by love unspoken,
Can I leave you even so ?
Can I take my heart upon me—
Heavy burden—can I go ?

Children's faces clustering round me,
Children's voices in the room.
Eyes that brighten through the twilight ;
Now is twilight turned to gloom.

Love unkissed and life I lived not
Fare you well ! God shed on you
Every light of every blessing,
For He calls me ; dear, I go.

SOUTH AFRICA

HAVE ye forgotten the dark December,
The night hell-black and the dawn long-stayed ;
The hour that ye swore that you would remember
While lasted the might of the realm ye made ?
Have ye forgotten the news-boys calling,
As ye scanned the lists of your sons new-slain,
Nor heard the sound of the rain's soft falling,
For dreams of your vengeance made red the rain ?

Have ye forgotten the long, slow dawning
Of hope that showed you the world your foe,
Till the risen sun saw the nations fawning
Whose voice was a threat while the clouds were low ?
Not yet is the high noon's glory risen,
Not yet have the mists all passed away ;
Will ye stifle the sun in his cloudy prison
Ere ye have drunk of the streams of day ?

Ye can fight, and ye fought with your swords and rifles;
There are other weapons more cruel than they :
The iron grip of a law that stifles
The voice of its victims before it slay.

When a nation perfects its own undoing
With none to pity and none to aid,
Itself pursued and itself pursuing,
Itself betraying, itself betrayed.

Is not the voice of the dead around you ?
Echoes not sullen across the waves
The thunderous tread of the ghosts who crowned you ?
Ye sell their gifts—will ye sell their graves ?
Wait till the dawn for what dawn must bring you,
Men of England, be strong to-day ;
Till the fullness of summer and sunshine ring you
With fields of glory, turn not away—

Lest the dead rise up from their graves to curse you
Who held not on till the task was done ;
Lest the dread assessors unborn condemn you
Who severed in twain what were else made one.
Be strong and wait : as the meteor's flashing
Brings no whit nearer the thronéd morn
So the horses of harvest heed no man's lashing
To earlier come with their ripened corn.

PAX BRITANNICA

ONCE more, ye cliffs of England, sullen-frowning,
I gaze upon your headlands from the sea ;
Once more the dawn's great mirrored glory, crowning
Each bluff and bay, wakes far-flung dreams in me.
Swift o'er these sun-kissed waters see I come
The embattled squadrons of the world, your foe,
And all your choiring cannon mouths are dumb,
No mustering war-trumps blow.

The unbridled fleet sweeps on o'er maiden seas
That knew no touch of foeman's keel before ;
Still sleep ye calm in unresisting peace,
Helmed but in sunlight, like some faëry shore.
Darts forth no English fleet from hidden bay,
To challenge and to bar the hallowed gate ;
Her ships are manned and ready for the fray,
Yet thunderless they wait.

A thousand ghosts, slain seamen of the North,
Gaze sorrowful across the alien main ;
Shall not the armies of the void come forth,
And smite as once they smote the pride of Spain ?

Nay, all is silent—Heaven's voice is still ;
None strike for England now, as unafraid,
Stoled in her queenly silence, waits she till
The price of peace be paid.

Lo, a long motion of the crested wave,
And where are ye—ye cliffs that topped the deep ?
Gone to your glorious sea-encircled grave,
Ye warders of the world's peace calmly sleep.
Sleep on for ever, while your foemen sail
Into the blood-red battle of the sun,
Till black oblivion wrap them round and veil—
Dead with the dead day done.

And dawn shall see a glorious form arise
Where over what was England sweeps the sea,
The world's fair future flaming in her eyes,
Where war and all war's tears may never be.
There shall She start on her triumphant way—
Fair lady of our dreams—who shall not cease
A smiling benediction from the day
When England dares to give the world her peace.

DIRGE FROM "LAUGHTER"

PEACE to thee, weary soul, the long-spun day is over,
And from the reddening sunset swiftly creep
Sunbeams to be thy bark, and lucent o'er thee hover
Winged shapes that ring thy brow with aureole,
 With smiling light of sleep.

Up the long slant of sunset they shall guide thee
Through many a tempest cavern, many a hall
 Red-roofed with lightning glare,
Where the long shadows flicker forth to hide thee,
Whither afar God's myriad musics call,
 Beckons each yearning star.

There reigns he evermore whose heart is warm,
With the world's heart his bride, to roof his hall
 The curtained night is spread ;
And round him howls his wind for seneschal,
And forward far the eyes of blackness swarm,
 Fraught with all dreams and dread.

What waits thee there, what prison or what throne?
What endless night, or what eternal day?

What sovranly of star?

None dreams nor knows save He who sits alone,
Watching men's lives go swirling on their way
Like sand across a bar.

Yet this we know : men shall not always weep,
But ere the ebb comes, silence calms the flood ;

Life's battle for awhile is battleless,

Tears have their pitiful recompense of God.

There stand the splendid palace halls of sleep,
Whose towers are sorrowless.

EGO

Is the voice of Man's sorrow silent, are the springs
of his weeping stayed ?

Are the faithful no longer waiting, the doubters no
more afraid ?

Do the old and the young, triumphant, bless the Maker
who bids them be ?

That I say in my heart that God is good who is good
for awhile to me ?

Is the strength of the swift winds straitened, is the
might of the sun brought low ?

Are the stars discrowned from heaven, are the tides
forbidden to flow ?

Are earth's fair places riven from earth, and all that
is good to see,

That I cry in my wrath that God is cruel who is
cruel for awhile to me ?

THE STREAMLET

(From the German)

I'LL ask no stars above me,
I'll ask no flowers below ;
Nor stars nor flowers can tell me
The truth I long to know.

No flowers—I am no gardener ;
No stars—they are so high :
I'll ask the whispering streamlet
If my heart tell truth or lie.

“ Oh, streamlet of my lady,
Wherefore so dumb to-day ?
Why are thy ripples silent—
Canst not one wordlet say ? ”

“ ‘ Yes ’ is the one small whisper,
Or ‘ No,’ if so it be ;
And these two tiny wordlets
Mean all the world to me.

“ Oh, streamlet of my lady,
Flowing so wondrously,
I'll ask none else the question :
Say, streamlet, loves she me ? ”

TO NORA

WALK out upon the moors to-night,
Let God encircle thee ;
His winds are strong and sweet to hear,
His stars are bright to see.
Rise up and leave the dusky room
Yet murmurous with thy song—
Come and I'll see thee, tho' the gloom
Be black, the way be long.

To-night I'll walk beside the sea,
A thousand miles away,
And all the winds shall blow from thee
And all the waves shall say :
" God's circling arms are wide enough.
Slumber ye both thereon ;
The same fair dust ye're fashioned of,
Her world and yours is one."

BLAKENEY CHURCH

THE stately church stands solemn sentinel
O'er miles of land and windswept leagues of sea,
Watching the tide's eternal revelry
Or the long upland swell
From heath to husbandry.

What sunsets has it seen burn all around
From glory into darker glory, till,
Creeping, the legioned night wins wave and hill,
And bids her brow be crowned
With starlight and is still.

What tempests has it heard loud-bellowing roll
In 'cross the deep when those blue waves are grey,
And shrill gulls shriek, and ships run far away,
From yon sea-crosted knoll
And sandy treacherous bay.

Within o'er all the flooding daylight streams,
And gracious pillars rear the dark roof high
On carven angels' wings, in act to fly,
 Caught from some sculptor's dreams,
 Halted eternally.

And eastward, where the roof is low, and rare
The reverent sunbeam peeps, the altar stands ;
And o'er us holy, more than human, hands
 Are raised in blessing : there
 Kneel, for the Lord commands.

There where all holy dreams are gathered, sweet
Their footfalls and their whispers, interwed,
Sigh round us, would I all my prayers were said ;
 Then would I often meet
 And commune with my dead.

THE DECADENT

I stood beside the flower-beds,
Watching the petals fall ;
One waited there beside me,
Who plucked them all.

Idly the petals fluttered,
Flaunting their painted pride ;
Sweetened the air a moment,
Quivered, and died.

I watched the petals falling
Till the lilies lay forlorn,
And the roses' ruined splendour
Bared the sharp thorn.

And I turned to her that shred them
(Deft-handed, lissome, she),
And I saw her name upon her brow :
"Perversity."

THE DECADENT

She has robbed my life of roses,
No more my lilies blow ;
And still she waits beside me—
She may not go.

But now her hands have drawn me
To the wilderness apart.
No more she shreds the roses :
She shreds my heart.

Are my red roses fallen ?
My queenly lilies dead ?
The lilies were not queenly
Nor the roses red.

PITY

(From a Play)

DID he sin? Forgive—Fate was the sinner there,
And the hand of the old dead years pressed hard on
him,
And the old strewn roses charmed, and the old
strange road
Was mad with music for him. Though afar
Sweet star-light lit the other road, and singing
Half-heard from the heaven above, and wind-borne
scents
Of the pleasancess of God still bade him climb
Upward undoubting—though the angels stood
Around with wings wide-sheltering from the world,
Was not that path forbidden? stood there not
Fiend-shapes sword-armed before it, hideous forms
Of an old life lived, of old sins sinned. Was way
For him beyond the barrier? Ay, and a road
Of sunlight cloud inwoven to the lands
Where cloudless reigns the sun for evermore.
Ay, but the barrier first; and dared he pass?

Nay, could he pass with the price unpaid? No charm
Wherewith to fright the terrors from the gate?
He sinned! But 'twas in the past, and shall he pay
For the old sin's sake to-day, whose taste is grown
So bitter now, whose songs are bitterness?
Ay, to the end! Can the laws of God make way
For human pity? Can the universe
Cease to roll on for the sake of one poor heart?
Can the stars stand for pity of one poor soul?
Nay, tho' all men were doomed to die with dawn
Still would the dawn shine forth; tho' a little child
Were helpless on the sea-beach, still the tide
Would flow and ebb again: one life the less,
A few more mother tears, but no more voice
In the vast unmeaning thunder of the sea.
God may not pity; as the sowing was
So shall the harvest be. Yet we may pity,
And who denies us? Let the laws roll on,
And a nation fall or a child for other's sin,
Pity is ours, and vengeance God's. He sees
To vengeance. Shall we add our puny thorn
To the crown God-woven? Nay, 'twere foolishness.
One gift is ours. Oh! use it to the full,
And live and die forgiving. On your knees
And pray for the paying time to be short, for the
cup
Of punishment to be swift drained. Let God
Watch His laws trampling on their murderous way
Through the blood and tears of millions, till at last

The perfect world, the perfect man be born :
The perfect man—a man whose every breath
Is owed to tortured centuries.

Oh pray.

Perchance some little space is pity's still.

FOR MUSIC

I SING for you the songs you cannot hear,
 You are too far away ;
I cull for you sweet flowers you may not wear.
 Some day
You'll hear my songs and wear my flowers, may be ;
O flying hours, speed on that day for me !

I dream with you high dreams you cannot know,
 Too sacred far to say ;
Strange flowers of faëry-land before us blow.
 Some day
You too will dream my dreams, sweet love, and
 ours
Shall be those faëry meadows gay with flowers.

There will we rest, and in your eyes I'll read
 My old-time roundelay ;
Or you shall take me by the hand and lead,
 Some day,
Unto the lips of love, whence all songs spring,
Where love shall teach you all I tried to sing.

STEWKEY LEA

(For Dvorák's Seventh Humoreske.)

FAR away the shades are falling, and the thrushes
are a-calling

From the hedges and the copse on Stewkey Lea,
And the soft sea wind is bringing up the sound of
children singing

From the village by the sea.

And I know that hoping, fearing, for the ship that
may be nearing

Waits my love and gazes o'er the sea ;

And she dreams the wind that's bringing up the sound
of distant singing

May be bringing home again, be bringing me.

Oh, it's there my heart is turning, and it's there my
soul is yearning,

And it's there, oh, only there, that I would be,

Just to wait and watch once more, at her side on
Stewkey shore,

As the night comes stealing upward from the sea.

For she sees the shadows falling and she hears the
birds a-calling

From the copse beside the stream on Stewkey Lea,
While the gentle wind is bringing up a sound of
children's singing

From the village nested yonder by the sea.

But the breeze that breathes so soft around her
Far away on Stewkey Lea, Stewkey Lea,
Is a roaring gale, where afar I sail
To my grave in the cold North Sea.

And the shades that fall so silvery around her,
The fairy shades that fall o'er Stewkey Lea,
Are a gloom of Hell, where the billows swell
Round my grave in the cold North Sea.

Oh, I know the shades are falling and the thrushes
all are calling

From the hedges and the copse on Stewkey Lea,
And I know the wind is bringing up a sound of
children's singing

From the village nested yonder by the sea ;
And I know that hoping, fearing, for the ship that
may be nearing,

Waits my love and gazes out across the sea.
But the wind that's gently bringing up the sound of
distant singing

Shall no more, no more, no more be bringing me.

HARVEST SONG

SHOWERY spring and sunny summer 've made the
fields look well to-year,
And I know the wheat stands manly, and the
barley's full o' th' ear.
Oh to hear the reapers whirring, oh to see the corn
a-falling,
And oh my heart is calling, and it's oh that I were
there.

For I know the "Breaks" are teeming with a truly
record crop,
An' "Hall Close" is full o' barley—heavy-eared and
fit to drop.
Oh to see the ears a-bowing with each breeze that
brushes by—
While the westering sunbeams lie golden-hued along
the top.

Soon you'll hear the boys a-shouting, "Hold yer!"

"Hold yer!" down the shooves;

Soon you'll hear the axle creaking of the waggon as
it moves.

Oh to see the loads a-jolting, oh to see the horses
strain,

Oh, my heart would see again, once again, the land
it loves.

THI ΠΑΤΡΙΔΙ

LET the world go by me—so I wander here,
See the may a-falling or the barley in the ear.
Let the world go by me—so the shadows fall
Gently o'er me, listening to the thrushes as they call.

Let the world go by me—so to yonder trees
I hear the sea wind whisper of the boisterous seas,
Till the years fall back behind me, and I see them
stand once more,
The blue-eyed Viking rovers on the sunset Stewkey
shore—

See them sailing up the inlet—hear their shouts and
songs as they
Pile a camp to rest in near where Warham stands to-
day—
Hear their shouts grow dim and distant as their sails
are set for home
And their hearts are hot to tread the fells across the
foam.

The world piles up its money-bags—only let me
know
And greet the ghosts around me—hear the songs of
long ago,
Hear the builders singing as they build the Abbey
high,
Hear the Abbey bells a-chiming when the Vesper
hour is nigh.

Every lane I tread is haunted. Hark from yonder
wooded hill
A sweet dead strain comes stealing when the birds
are hushed and still.
'Tis old Tom the Fiddler playing 'neath the mound
that bears his name
I' th' path the monks made underground to the shrine
of Wals'n'ham.

Let the world go by me—I've a better here :
I have friends around me, kinsmen everywhere.
The world piles up its money-bags—let the world go
by.
The dead and I we heed not. We are North folk—
they and I.

FIVE NORFOLK SONGS

I

Oh up and come away, my love, oh come away with
me;

There's a land o' misty marshes, love, beside the
Northern Sea.

The mists shall wrap us round, my love, and there
alone we'll be—

Oh up and come away, my love, oh come away with
me.

Oh we'll hear the waves a-breaking on the sand-hills
night and day,

And we'll hear the birds a-singing in the copses
Morston way,

And the hungry gulls a-shrieking as they circle in
from sea—

Oh up and come away, my love, oh come away with
me.

Oh that's the land for you and me; there's no such
stretch o' sky
In the whole wide world to match it, you may seek it
low and high;
And a fleet o' 'dreams comes sailing o'er the distant
rim o' 'sea—
Oh up and come away, my love, oh come away with
me.

II

"WHITE road winding o'er the hill and through the
meadow,
Somewhere do you lead at last to one who waits for
me?"
"I lead to many a maiden fair in glades of sun or
shadow—
You may ask the road to tell, but you must come your-
self to see."

"Bright stars gleaming in the misty skies above me,
Tell me do you somewhere shine on one who waits
for me;
Tell me do you somewhere gaze on her God made to
love me?"
"You may ask the stars to tell, but you must come
yourself to see."

III

THE GATES OF DREAM

" Oh, Father, up the stretch of hill and yonder by the
trees
Where the road winds out o' sight behind the copse,
oh can't you see
The great gates gleaming in the sun, and through
them shrills the breeze
A-calling like a trumpet, ay, and oh the call's for
me."

" 'Tis the gates o' dream we call 'em, lad, and few
have ever won
To the land o' dreams behind them. If you climb to
yonder trees
Still you'll see the gates a-gleaming—gleaming
distant in the sun,
Where'er the road winds out o' sight there're gates
agleam like these."

" Oh, I'm mad to tread the stretch o' straight, to climb
the gentle hill,
And gain those gates and wander through over the
fields o' dream.

For somewhere sure adown the road when evening's
hushed and still
I'll find them ope on meadows sweet with many a
lilied stream."

" 'Tis the gates o' dream we call 'em, lad, and if
you're fain to tread
A road to lead you to them, you must tread the road
o' dreams.
You must fling the world behind you, have no heed
for earthly bread
If you'd sip the gods' own nectar by those far eternal
streams."

IV

"Love lives over the hills," they said.
So I hied me forth at the dawn o' day.
Over the hills with a crust o' bread,
And my head was high and my heart was gay.

"Love lives over the hills," they said,
"Over the hills and far away."
And I found no friend who would give me bread,
And my heart was sad and the eve was gray.

"Love lives over the hills," they said.
My heart was sad and the eve was gray.
Earth gave a pillow to rest my head,
Earth gave me sleep ere the dawn o' day.

V

"THERE YER GO!"

If you meet a wherry sailing on the Bure or the
Yare,
When the sun's a-shining misty and the wind draws
light and fair—
And her skipper sits a-smoking, solemn-like and
slow,
You'll give him cheery greeting with a "There yer
go!"

For the twain of you are brothers in the kinship of
the sea—
And tho' you're sailing wherries 'tis not long since
you and he
Were hauling cods and herrings in, trawling far from
shore—
And he that's been a sailor is a sailor evermore.

If you meet a lad a-roaming, and he doesn't quite
know where,
But somewhere on the hills he thinks he'll breathe a
fresher air,
Or somewhere in the vales he dreams a sweeter
breeze 'll blow—
Oh give him friendly greeting with a "There yer
go!"

For once you were a roamer seeking much the same
as he,
A glory on the mountains or a splendour on the
sea;
And tho' your roaming days are done, you mind
their gladness yet—
For the first young love of roaming is a love no
hearts forget.

THE HOUSE OF EARNE

INLAND,—the marsh that chokes for miles
The leaden, languid stream ;
Seaward,—behind the twisted hills,
A sea, like the sea of a dream.
A sea god cursed far back, they say,
That ever its waves should flow
Cold and gray on the sunniest day,
And its winds for ever blow.

There stands beside that cheerless sea
The lonely House of Earne,
Naked, with never a sheltering tree
The strength of the storm to turn.
Red and gaunt i' the midst of the marsh—
Where for miles no sound is heard
Save the surge on the sea-beach shrieking harsh,
The cry of a circling bird.

None lives within those mouldering walls,
None treads those haunted rooms ;
Rarely the ghost of a sunbeam falls
On faded ghosts of glooms :

For the last of the Earnes long, long ago
Died in a chamber there,
And the death he died no man may know,
But there by his bed dwells Fear.

Lonely he lay, with none to tend,
As the daylight died away,
For none of the Earnes may find a friend,
Or finding, must betray.
And there with the last of his failing breath,
As the terrible feet drew nigh,
He cried to the Lord and prayed for a death
That none but the Earnes may die.

" I live in sound of my own gray sea,
But I see its waves no more ;
The wind of the waste is a-search for me,
I hear it along the shore.
Dead in the depths of the marsh to lie,
While the hosts of the storm rush past,
Is the doom I choose. Oh suffer me die
In the gathering arms of the blast."

" Out of the misty marsh, O Lord !
My fathers came, they say ;
Into the misty marsh, O Lord !
Suffer me steal away.

I gave enough to the Death that waits
 The hopes and the hearts of men :
 Never—O God !—to his terrible gates
 Suffer me pass again.”

So prayed he dying, and none shall say
 If Heaven had heed of his prayer,
 But when his servants came next day
 They found not his body there.
 And when they flung the windows wide,
 A beating of wings was heard,
 And long around the casement cried
 A desolate voice of a bird.

None lives within those haunted walls,
 None treads those dusty rooms ;
 'Tis but the ghost of a sunbeam falls
 Upon the ghosts of glooms.
 But still, as the misty veils draw white
 Around the house, is heard
 The beat of wings amid the night,
 The desolate cry of a bird.

ANNE BOLEYN

"Come back, come back to Blickling, Anne, the fields
are gold with corn,
And oh ! we two would wander thro' the woodlands
all the morn ;
With dewy webs of gossamer the morning woods are
hung,
And tho' you're queen at Windsor, you're young, my
Anne, you're young.

"Come back, come back to Blickling, Anne, while
summer lingers still,
And I will ride to meet you down the vale and up
the hill,
Never fear I'll tease or court you, we'll be children,
you and I ;
But oh ! come back to Blickling, for the summer's
soon gone by."

"Oh I'll come back to Blickling, never fear, so soon,
so soon,
But ne'er we'll wander thro' the woods by morn or
afternoon :

And tho' you ride to meet me, yet you'll never see
me come,
By other roads than you may ride, my coach will
bring me home.

"I'll be drawn by ghostly horses and be driven by the
dead,
And their breath shall be like lightning and their
eyes be fiery red,
Never fear to tease or court me, you may kiss me on the
cheek,
And it isn't I would chide you—nay—I'd never stir nor
speak.

"Yet never shall you find me tho' you ride the
country o'er,
Tho' my coach drives on for ever yet we twain shall
meet no more,
But many a frightened villager who hears my steeds
go by,
Shall know I've come to Blickling—back to Blickling
when I die."

HARVEST

WHERE Wensum winds, the Harvest Moon
Sees all the corn-fields reaped and bare :
By Wensum banks She sees me swoon
Into a lonely long despair :
And oh ! the unmown fields were fair.

Where Wensum winds, the reapers came
And scythed and bore away the corn :
By Wensum banks came love—or shame
And found me pure and left forlorn :
And oh ! the unmown fields were fair.

The ploughs shall turn yon stubbles down
And they'll be gold with other grain :
And deep in Wensum pools I'll drown
Till God shall make me maid again—
But oh ! the unmown fields were fair.

CHERWELL VOLUNTARY

HERE where the green aisles deepening far
Make one forget earth's joys and jar—
Forget the days and nights behind,
Forget there ever was a star
Or a victor wind.

Here where one chord of life is strung
To fullest music, where is wrung
Her deepest meaning from the Spring ;
Here where the very weeds are young
And the old trees sing:

Here where no vehement sun may burn,
Nor tempest bid the place unlearn
The gracious lesson of the year,
Hark even here the question stern—
“What do ye here?”

What do we here and what away ?
Were the whole world made ours to-day,
Could we mould forth one perfect thing ;
What balm or blessing should we pray,
What gods to bring ?

CHERWELL VOLUNTARY

The years we may not grasp are gone,
The toiling and the task are done ;
What Master of what work appears ?
What rest or respite shall be won
Beyond the years ?

Life is a jest, a jest, and we,
Mocked by what self-sought fantasy,
Grudge to fling by the useless hours,
Seeking an end that, could we see,
Was always ours.

Such as it is the best is ours,
Shall aught resist our " tireless powers ? "
Where is the height we may not scale ?
Where are th' inviolable bowers ?
Beyond what veil ?

No Heaven its " No " to man may speak.
All-conquering are these hearts that break.
Free of the worlds these feet that fall.
Ours is the Infinite we seek ;
The wretched all.

FAERY SONG

I'd build a haunted thicket
Silent beneath the moon,
With briars and boughs for wicket,
That none might reach that thicket
But you and I alone.

I'd lie amid the grasses
Sideways with shaded eyes,
Watching each wind that passes
Low-whispering o'er the grasses
The songs of Paradise.

And you should stand a-weaving
A web of faëry dream,
Love's dearest hopes deceiving—
That web you stand a-weaving
Life's very hours shall seem.

Sweet shrine amid the meadows,
Pale face beneath the moon,
Pale feet upon the shadows
Of love's gold-blossomed meadows—
Oh very self of June.

FAERY SONG

And do you guess the meaning
Of the faery song I sing?
Do you see the moonbeams leaning
(They are my only meaning)
Upon the walls of Spring?

Do you see your pale face peering
From the windows of the night?
Do you see me hoping, fearing
For the sweet pale face that's peering
Like a star's forgotten light?

Do you hear the elves a-building
Their bridges in the air?
Do you see the starlight gilding
The bridges elves are building,
To a shaken glory fair?

Yes, you can see the thicket,
Those sounds you surely hear;
Your feet have found the wicket,
You're free of Fancy's thicket—
'Tis love that brought you, dear.

'AITIA 'EAOMENOF

To each, they say, the choice is given
Whom he shall serve, to whom shall sing;
Each may mark out some star in heaven
For pilot of his voyaging.

None say that she we serve shall smile,
None that our song shall favour gain,
None that beyond some seething mile
The star shows shore where ends the main.

Choice only, choice and service ours :
Blind foemen of a blinder Might,
We strike aside the 'stablished powers,
We bid the wrong of God be right.

SYLVIA

LAST night, behind the little wood
That shuts the sea-wind's strength away,
Seen golden in the dusk, she stood,
Watching the sunset—Sylvia.

No more of eve the thrushes sang,
Of summer's end to April day,
One strain thro' all the woodland rang,
Sung silvery, "She is Sylvia."

Sea-scented, softened through the screen
Of briar and bough and blackberry spray,
The night-wind whispered to the scene
For secret, "She is Sylvia."

Shimmered a scroll beneath the trees
Branch-written, where the moonbeams play,
Wording the notes of bird and breeze,
"Here in our home is Sylvia."

IN MEMORIAM—F. C.

I FOUND him by the willowed stream,
A lyre beside him, and he seemed
As one who always feared to dream
And always dreamed.

"I lingered by the willows here,
One came and stayed a moment's space.
I breathed no whisper in her ear,
Nor saw her face.

"Often she comes. O God, that I
Might give her greeting. No words come.
Soon, ah how soon, she passes by.
My heart is dumb.

"Often she comes. O God, to gaze
A moment in her eyes, to find
The thousand words love never says.
My heart is blind.

“ Only I touch my lyre and tell
My heart the pain it felt alway,
Or dream some golden hour befell,
Or shall, some day.

“ Soon shall they call her. She shall go
To love my lyre tells me of—
The only love my heart may know
How is it love !

“ Love is some great triumphant thing.
Love wills, and will not be denied,
Love drags its goddess down—I sing
By a waterside.”

EN KAKHI BOTANHI

A CHILD—in whose sweet eyes are met
A longing and a distant pain,
All that one cannot quite forget
Or quite call back to mind again ;

A child on whom, asleep one night,
God's Mother must have gazed and said,
“ So slept my Son in the calm star-light
That far-off midnight when we fled.”

Aye, Mary must have kissed so fair,
For love's and memory's sake, that brow,
Her tears have fallen amid that hair ;
See how they glisten there even now.

* * * * *

A girl—who looks on common things
And only sees the world by day,
Yet round her brow some halo clings,
And still her eyes seem far away.

* * * * *

A woman—who sees by day and night
Only the petty world around,
What if her eyes hold holy light?
What if her brow be still be-crowned?

Vainly ye seek within the grace
Witnessed by eyes and brow. Her mind
Is but a cold unhaunted place.
The love ye seek ye shall not find.

Fling your whole heart upon her. Not
Love's mightiest pleader could recall
The things she long ago forgot.
Pity is left her—that is all.

O God, the wasted souls! Hast Thou
Such store of beauty given to fling
The fairest blossom from the bough,
Perished for lack of fostering?

FRAGE

UNDER the boughs, shut in from the glare,
Ringed by the greenwood everywhere
From the shafted rain and the wind's array,
Love looked out from the whitening may.

Under the boughs, shut in from the stress,
From the wars of man and his weariness,
Love stept out from her gates of dream
And set her feet on the vistaed stream.

Gracious and robed in the leaves' own green,
With a tear in her eyes where the dawn had been ;
With a scar on her cheek where a briar had torn
As she loosed from their thicket the birds of the morn.

Under the boughs, shut in from the sky,
Where utter silence allows no sigh,
Where for utter shadow no sunbeams tread,
Why, oh answer me, love lay dead.

EVENING SONG

It's home in the evening
From toil in the meadow,
It's home in the evening
From driving the kine,
For all men is coming
Sleep and the shadow,
The tall trees' swaying,
The stars' sweet shine.

But morning and evening
It's onward for ever,
Morning and evening
It's onward for me ;
For still the long stretches
Of upland dis sever
My heart from the steading
Where I would be.

Where the last light reddens
Around the tresses,
Where th' first star's gleaming
Deep i' the eyes
Of the maid who waits
In what far recesses
By deep dark waters
Of Paradise.

But it's home in the evening
From toil i' the meadow,
It's home in the evening
From driving the kine,
Love's builded a steading
In forests of shadow,
Where the dark trees wave
And the bright stars shine.

HOLKHAM SANDS

(A Norfolk Ballad)

I

'Twas dawn of an August morning when
Prince Edward left the gates of Lynn,
Riding with spearmen scarce a score
From Lynn to London by the shore.

On o'er the shortening shades he speeds,
Past Rising walls and Burnham meads ;
'Tis afternoon of an August day
When Edward looks o'er Holkham bay.

"The tide is out, the waves are fled,
Oh bright yon shining sands are spread ;
The tide is out, our way is clear.
What are yon shining sands to fear ?"

"Tho' bright those dazzling sands be spread,
That floor no feet save Ocean's tread ;
Swift shall he cleanse his outraged way
From bucklered pomp and armed array."

"The sea has left his road for me,
Spur on with speed, my company;
For tedious were the inland way,
And swiftly wanes the August day."

Over the shining sands they ride,
Over the sands speeds in the tide;
They're come to Stewkey creek—oh see!
The stream is rising furiously.

And never a horse of the band dared face
The swirling swell of the perilous place;
And never a rider spurs his steed,
Their hearts are faint for the perilous deed.

"Dares not one of you stem the wave?
Shall Edward only be stout to brave
The boisterous threats of the swelling sea?"
Into the foaming tide rode he.

"Press on, stout charger, press amain,
The sloping shallower sands to gain,
Or the sea shall triumph and cleanse his way
From bucklered pomp and armed array."

The Prince has gained the shining strand,
But 'cross the stream his comrades stand.
"We're afraid of the rioting tide;
Round by the high land way we ride."

"What! are ye cowards? Speed back to Lynn,
Nor cease to spur till the walls ye win.
Go, cowards, and boast to the burghers there
How a stripling dared and ye did not dare!"

"Sir Prince, disdain not. Who could swim,
Till the tide turn, that eddying stream?
And the sea hastens—we may not stay;
Ride we round by the inland way."

"Cowards, I need you not, begone.
Woe if ye wait for the set o' sun!"
"The sea floods fast and we may not stay,
Swift will we fare by the inland way."

Into the darkening west they ride,
And all around is the roar of the tide.
No spurring the chargers need who haste
From the fiends unclean of the desolate waste.

But Holkham sands are a treacherous way,
The morrow's causey none know to-day;
Where a short hour since the fair sands spread
Now th' quicksand waits for its destined dead.

Vain are thy struggles, thou gallant steed,
As thy rider's prayers in the hour of need.
"Oh, Mary, mercy! Oh, Jesu, hear!
May no prayer win to Thy heedless ear!"

" Oh, Mary, mercy ! Oh, Jesu ! save
From the loathly touch of the living grave ;
From the clammy shroud of the shuddering sand,
Oh, Lord, for a grave in the blessed land !

" Oh, Mary, mercy ! Oh, Jesu ! save
From the loathly touch of the living grave ;
Bid the jaws of the mire let be,
Oh for a grave in the holy sea !"

Nay, Mary is dreaming a long, sweet dream
Of the Angel's coming to Bethlehem.
Too sharp are the pangs of the Crucified
For a thought of the sinners for whom He died.

The one is at peace and the other a-pain,
And neither has heed of the woes of men.
" Ye are saved by my Son's sweet blood, oh why
Should ye care what manner of death ye die."

And the night draws on, and no man may say
Where the white bones rest till the Judgment-day,
And dawn once more sees the bright sands spread
Over the depths of the unknown dead.

Silent the sun climbs up the sky,
Silent the misty marshes lie,
Silent beneath the sand rest they
In bucklered pomp and armed array.

II

Lost is the goodly company ;
But the Prince, young Edward, oh where is he ?
He has ridden over the sand away ;
Shall he win to land or be drowned as they ?

For the night comes up, and the sea comes on,
And it takes the path that the Prince has gone ;
Swift on his track comes the rush of the wave.
Christ above him, look down and save.

His steed has sniffed of the tide's keen breath,
He is off like a hare from the hounds of death ;
O'er creek and gulley, hillock and drain,
What whit cares he for the touch o' th' rein ?

He has gained the marsh, he has gained the down,
And on he gallops to Stewkey town.
He is saved, but he dare not stay while still
He hears the swirl as the inlets fill.

But now he has put 'twixt himself and the sea
The rising hills of the Stewkey Lea ;
He has won to the gates of Stewkey Tower
Or ever they shut at the sunset hour.

Sir Roger Earne is Stewkey's lord,
Stout of spirit and strong of sword ;
Yet none in England is apt as he
For usage of knightly courtesy.

" Tell me, Sir Knight, for knight thou art,
As thy spur betokens, by Mary's heart,
Tell me the need that has brought thee here,
For thou seemst snatched from the clutch of fear."

" Is this Stewkey Tower, and does yonder shield
Show the lilies of Earne on a golden field ? "

" This is Stewkey Tower, and an Earne am I."

" Then Christ be praised for His clemency."

" Tell me, Sir Guest, how thou art hight,
Art thou in truth a gentle knight ?
For by thy mien thou seemest to be
Of the very flower of chivalry."

" I boast me no man's churl, and none
Is of a nobler sire the son ;
My name I may not tell to thee—
'Tis of the flower of chivalry."

Oh luckless knight, what fate hath ta'en
Thy wits away and marred thy brain,
To leave thy line unknown. Oh woe
For the spell that hath becharmed thee so !

"Some errant knight art thou, I ween,
Paying thy devoirs to thy queen;
And well, I trow, must she be fair
Who hath so goodly a challenger."

But hark how lighter footsteps fall
As the Lady Parnel comes up the hall;
"Come say, Sir Knight, is thy love more fair?"
The Prince is silent—agaze at her.

The Lady Parnel turned on him
Eyes to which Heaven itself were dim;
He gazed at her as one who sees
A welling fount in a wilderness.

Oh Parnel Earne was fair to see,
Red lips and laughing eyes had she;
The Prince was good to look upon—
At that first tryst each wooed and won.

"A queen I have for whose fair sake
My voyage over thy lands I make;
Fairest of women, lovelier none,
Even she whose eyes I look upon."

The Lady Parnel turned aside
Those eyes. It seemed as the sun had died
Sudden out of the midst of day,
So great a glory was turned away.

The Lady Parnel turns back again
Her glance, wherein is her love writ plain.
But her sire is speaking in grim amaze,
As a lion mutters and springs and slays.

“Get gone, thou worthless knight, nor dare
To cast thy caitiff eyes on her;
She is no match for thy marrying,
Who were worthiest wife for a crownéd king.

“Sir Philip of Fransham hath asked her hand.
His bride she shall be by her sire’s command;
Get gone, Sir Nithing, I may not pray
A fainéant knight in my hall to stay.”

The Lady Parnel speaks no word,
Dumb she stands as she had not heard;
Only deep in her eyes there grows
Such a light as a lover knows.

“I am young Edward, England’s son.
By fealty due and service done,
I bid thee hearken to my command;
Here for my sire and liege I stand.”

“Tell thy tales to the winds that moan
Over the marsh from the grave o’ th’ sun;
For me I heed not, but this I trow,
’Twere well for thee to begone e’er now.”

"Sir Roger, I go, and may Heaven requite
The ill I have at thy hands this night.
Lady, farewell, till at break of day
I come, thy love, with a king's array."

The Prince has left the raftered hall,
Hark, he has given his steed a call;
His steed has given an answering neigh,
The great doors clang, he has ridden away.

Sir Roger laughs as he sees him go,
He laughs "Ha ha!" and he laughs "Ho ho!"
"Methinks we'll wait full many a day
Till *he* shall come with a king's array."

The Lady Parnel says no word,
She turns and goes as she had not heard.
Only deep in her eyes there gleams
Light that a lover sees in dreams.

The Prince rides out o'er Stewkey Lea,
Fain for the spears of his company;
But choked and drowned in the sand are they
In bucklered pomp and armed array.

III

At morn to Blakeney town came he,
To the seamen gathered on Blakeney quay :
Search the havens of England round,
No stouter sons of the sea are found.

"Seamen, your Prince am I, give heed.
To you I turn in my hour of need."
"Prince or no Prince, thy rede forth say,
And we will aid thee, if we may."

"My love is prisoned in Stewkey Tower—
Shut and safe in her silken bower :
Aid me to teach her surly sire
To baulk me not from my heart's desire."

"Nay, Stewkey walls are stout and high,
And the knight hath loved our company,
Hailing us free of the Stewkey lands,
Rangers by right of shallocks and sands.

"Vain it were for a stripling's whim
To amerce a friend and dishonour him ;
Wait, Sir Prince, and the end will be
Such as Our Lady sees best for thee."

"Great shall be England's loss if I
Winning alone my lady die ;
Great gain shall England give you when
I fare to London walls again."

"What care have we for England, we
Who fight a lost fight with the sea ?
What care have we if England fall
Who watch our own land's funeral ?

"What gain can England give, to pay
For the sorriest task of the shortest day ?
We know that God gives no reward,
Tho' men may labour long and hard.

"We give our dear ones to the sea,
To die in kinless poverty ;
We fight a long and hopeless strife,
And die whose only prize were life.

"Learn thou our hard-learned lesson. We,
Matched with the marshes and the sea,
This bitter truth at last have known :
God's ways are plain to God alone."

"Cowards, alone I go, and I
Alone will win my love or die."
"God's will shall give you life or death,
For whom He will He quickeneth."

IV

He came at even to Stewkey Tower,
He clambered into his lady's bower ;
He lifted her down from the casement low,
Together over the fields they go.

The tide was out and the dawn was red
As they came to Wells. By th' harbour head
There is lying the *Hornsey Pride*
Ready to sail with the flood o' th' tide.

" Good shipman, prithee suffer us come
In thy gallant bark o'er the windy foam.
To London walls we are fain to flee ;
Suffer us sail with thee over the sea."

" Blithe shall I be to bear you twain
Whither ye will—aye over the main,
For by your mien ye seem to be
Of the very flower of chivalry."

Oh, brightly shines the morning sun,
Gaily over the waves they run ;
The very wind is a-laugh for glee,
Down the channel and out to sea.

Tall to starboard are Blakeney walls,
Loud to larboard a sea-gull calls.
The shipman gazes on either hand
O'er golden ocean and golden land.

" Tall to starboard are Blakeney towers,
Black to larboard the tempest lowers.
A storm is climbing into the sun,
If it find us here, we be all undone."

Clouds have covered the vault of heaven,
With levin and flash the clouds are riven.
The steersman scarce sees the bowsprit plain
For the driving scud and the pelting rain.

Hidden to larboard the sea-birds cry—
Hidden to starboard the surf beats nigh.
Above the blackness, below the foam ;
Charges on them the manéd gloom.

Mary have mercy upon them now !
Reeling and battered by blow on blow.
Wave on rudder and wave on stem—
Christ in heaven have pity on them !

For the dull keel thuds on a shifting knoll,—
O'er stem and counter the surges roll ;
The timbers lift on the crest of a sea,
The rudder leaps and the keel drags free.

But ere they have drifted a furlong more
A wave uplifts them and flings to shore.
And there on the grinded sand they lie,
And round them ever the sea-birds cry.

The decks are awash, and none may brave
The riotous surge of the leaping wave.
Only, dazed, to the mast they cling,
Glad for the help of so poor a thing.

V

They're driven ashore by Blakeney bar,
Whither the sand-ridge stretches far—
A narrow streak in the trough of the sea,
Waves to windward and waves to lee.

And there are watching a sturdy score
Of the stoutest hearts of the Norfolk shore,
Who've fought their way down the bank to the
bar,
Helpers and healers in ocean's war.

'Tis true—on the edge of Fate they tread,
Circled and closed by the clamorous dead;
True, in the pit of the seas they stand,
Knit to life by a strip of sand.

But nought they know of a craven's fear,
They've met Death's eyes for many a year,
Death more cruel and cold at home
Than here, so swift in the smothering foam.

"There are three hours more to the turn o' the tide,
And higher and higher the surges ride;
There are three hours more for the tide to flow,
And surely, surely, the bank must go."

"Aye; the bank may go, most like, and we
Be left and lost in the clutch of the sea;
But if God so will that we die this day
In safety's sight would He smite and slay?"

And linked in a line like a living rope
Hung to hell from heaven and hope,
Into the boisterous surge they go,
Swung and flung like the sleeting snow.

The crew fling shoreward a line made fast
By icy hands to the splintered mast:
Roped to the rigging and drawn from the strand,
One by one they are brought to land.

And lo! to the sou'ard the gale veers round,
Driving the sea like a beaten hound,
Or ever the tide has turned, away,
For all its pomp and its proud array.

And the bank stands firm for their feet to tread,
Back from the very grasp of the dead.
And well they mark, as they landward hie,
In how nice a balance the Fates must buy.

But safe are they all in Blakeney town,
And the tide ebbs out and the wind dies down ;
And blue in the dawn the waters spread,
Tho' none may count their unmourned dead.

VI

The Prince spoke out and spoke his bride,
"Ye sons of the sea are true and tried,
Who see no end and struggle on,
Nor hope till all men's hope is gone.

"Ye go and come, tho' well ye know
'Tis ill to come and ill to go :
Ye never win—ye never flee ;
Courage not of the world have ye."

"How shall we win?—how shall we flee?
The foe we fight's the eternal sea."
"And still ye fight th' eternal foe—
We hail you bravest ere we go."

VII

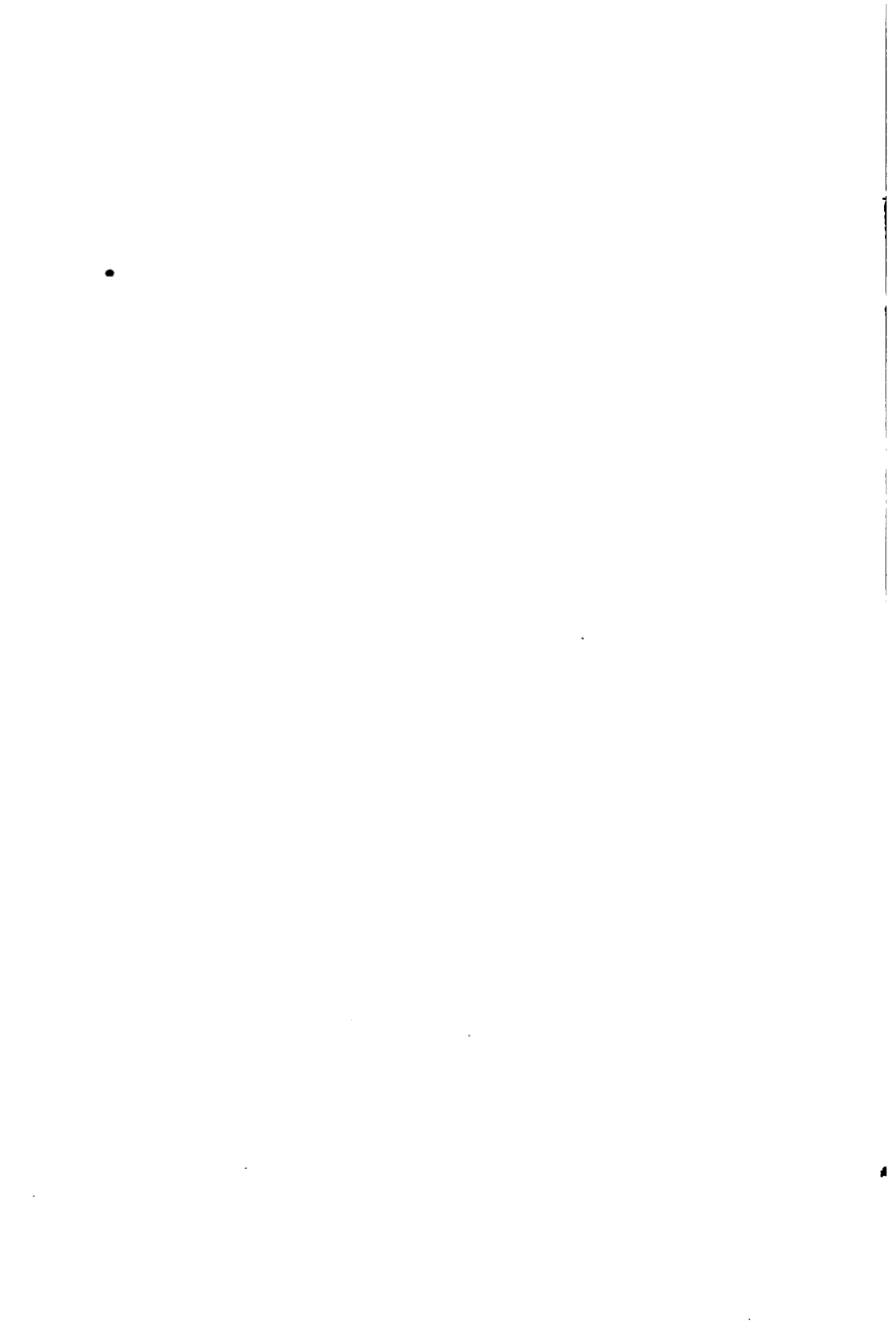
Into the blazing South they ride,
No whit they care whate'er betide.
No need of spearmen true have they,
Of bucklered pomp or armed array.

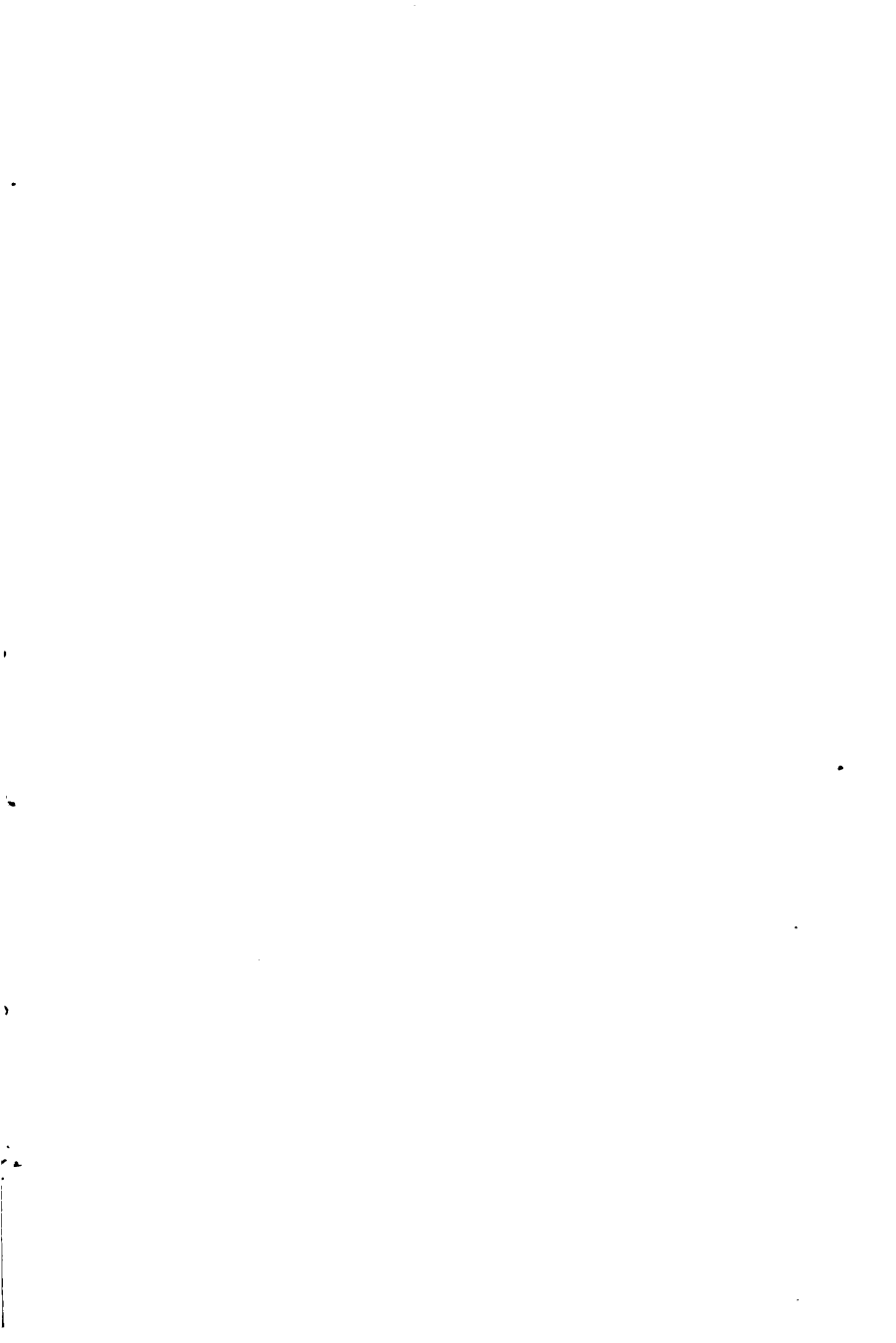
Oh, Parnel Earne was fair to see,
Red lips and laughing eyes had she.
The singer's sweetest task is done,
For Parnel Earne is wooed and won.

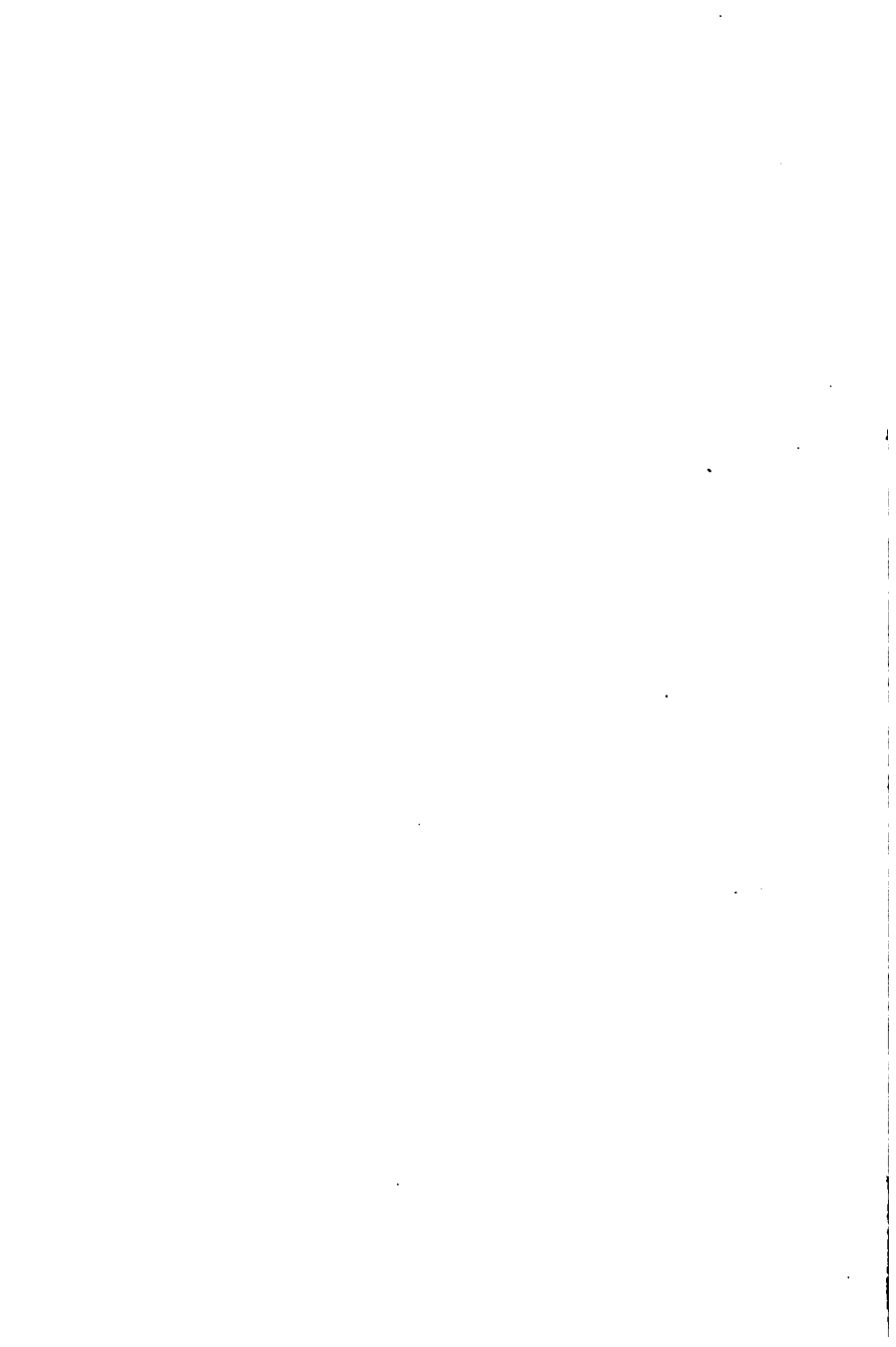
ENVOY

HIGH on the hills I sought thee : to thy feet
Careless I came, and flung before thee there
Thoughts how untrue, and loud loose songs unsweet,
Laughs laughterless, sorrows that stirred no tear.

High on the hills : the hours—the hours be thine,
The heart, the strength, the very life, aye all.
What shall I ask, save that some single line
Give thy sweet power one more memorial ?







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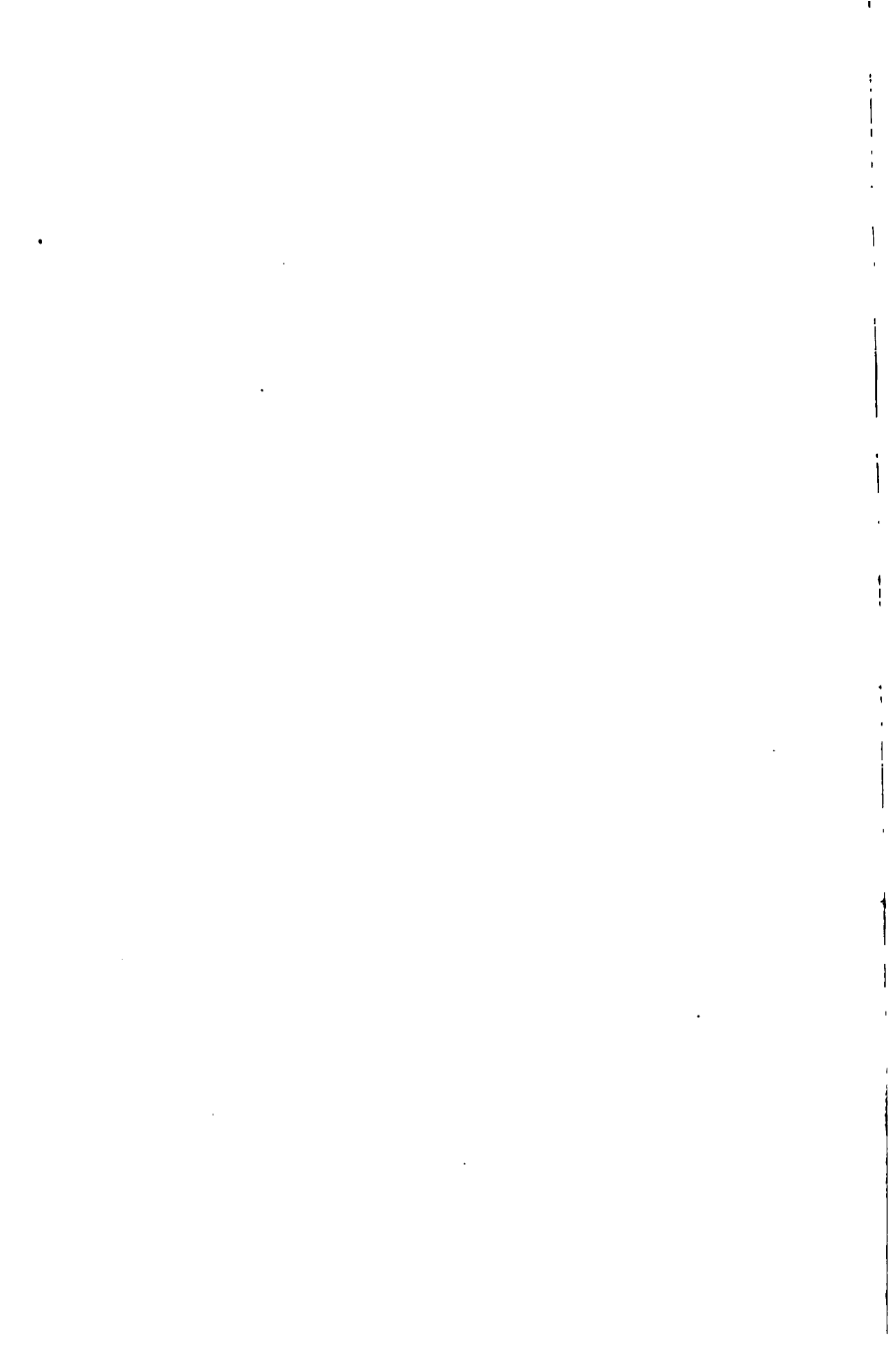
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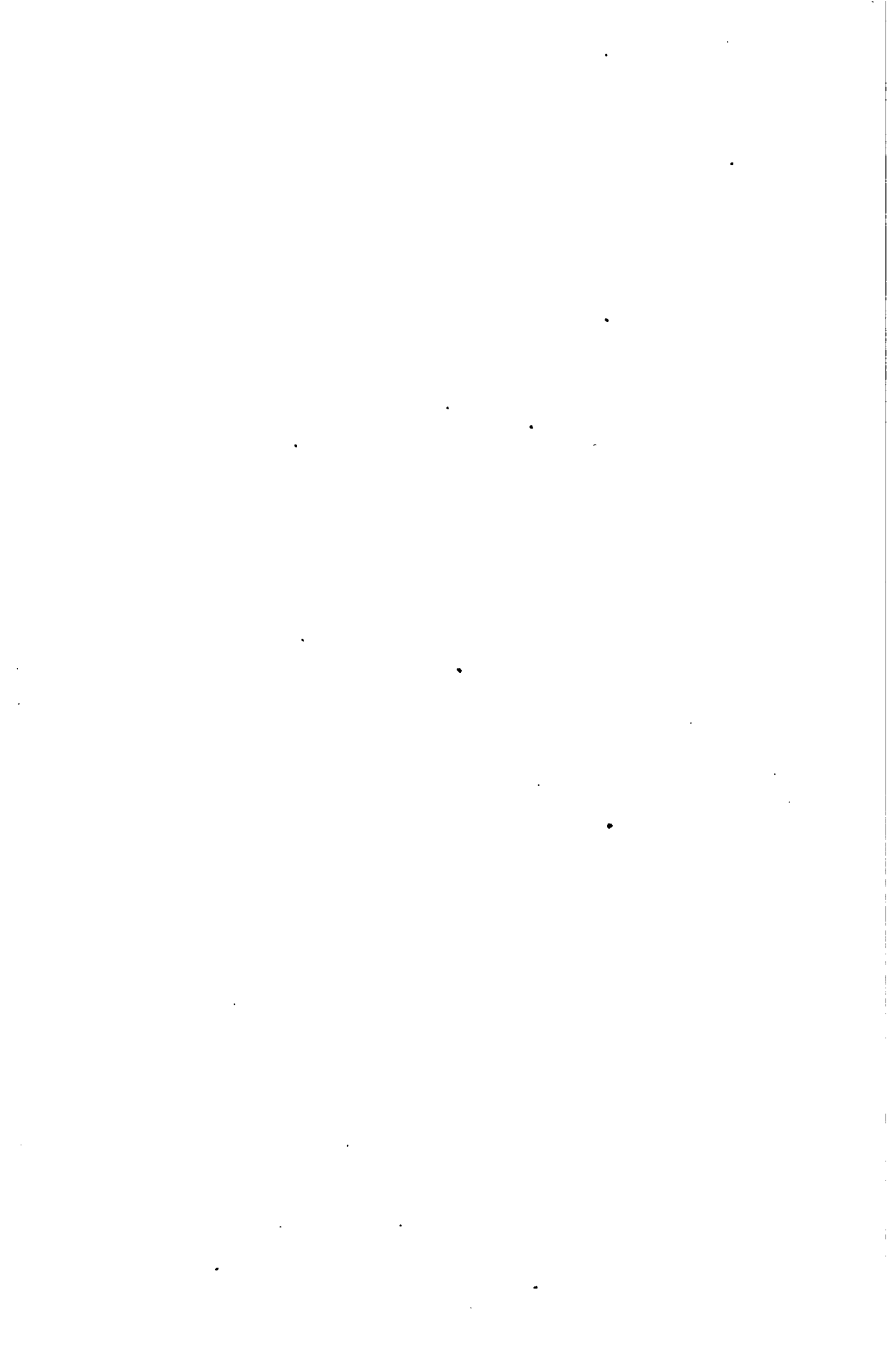
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62

62

